# LOOKING FORWARD

▶▶ In printing this week the first of Alva Johnston's three articles on testimonial advertising, the Outlook and Independent brings to its readers some of the facts which have been for long the subject of argument in the advertising profession itself, discussion of which, in part, has earned for at least one strictly advertising paper, *Advertising and Selling*, the accolade of the Harvard School of Business advertising award for 1930.

▶▶ Time was when the advertising profession, like many other big businesses, resented any efforts by either members or outsiders to subject the practices of the profession to the same reportorial scrutiny which was accorded other phases of American business, political or professional life. At that time it was a common saying among newspaper men that in America two subjects only were really taboo, so far as investigation and criticism were concerned. One was advertising, and the other was God.

▶▶ With the growth inside of the profession itself of a more liberal attitude toward such efforts, and particularly with the advent of a genuine concern for the good name and standing of advertising with the public, this situation has largely changed. To a great extent advertising has reformed itself better than any outsider could have reformed it.

▶▶ To the ordinary reader, however, the facts in Mr. Johnston's articles will be new, amusing and startling. And in some quarters they still apply and constitute a genuine searching criticism of conditions as they exist. Testimonials are probably the oldest known form of advertising. The many changes their use has undergone, even in this country since the Revolution, was pointed out some months ago by Charles Merz in this journal. Used centuries ago, they probably will be used centuries hence, unless some sort of universal change in the world's economic order is effected by experiments like the Russian Communistic State. But nowhere at any time or in any place have they ever attained the vogue which American advertising, plus big business, has given them.

▶▶ In the present instance it might be added that Mr. Johnston's facts are the result of independent, unbiased investigation and can be substantiated in every important particular for anybody who is more than ordinarily interested in the subject. Mr. Johnston is one of America's leading journalists. And even his most amusing statements can be taken at their full face value.

Francis Rufus Bellamy.


# OUTLOOK
## and Independent

Volume 157
Number 11

## March 18, 1931



Looking Forward ..... 385
Frontispiece: A Cartoon by *Robert James Malone* ..... 386

THE TREND OF THE WEEK ..... 387

**Editorial**
The Parties and Prohibition ..... 394

**Backstage in Washington** ..... 395

**ARTICLES**
The Week in Business ..... *Frank A. Fall* 396
The Fatter American Dollar ..... *William O. Scroggs* 397
Testimonials, C. O. D. ..... *Alva Johnston* 398
Excess Prophets ..... *Paul W. White* 400
Capitol Follies—71st Edition ..... *John S. Gregory* 401
Suicide in Sports ..... *George Trevor* 404
Ward Bosses of Fascism ..... *George Raffalovich* 405

••

The New Books ..... 407
Gaudier-Brzeska ..... *Frances Lamont Robbins* 407
The Week's Reading ..... *Frances Lamont Robbins* and *R. D. Townsend* 407
Beyond Psychology ..... *Florence Guy Seabury* 409
Behind the Blurbs ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 410
The Latest Plays ..... *Otis Chatfield-Taylor* 411
The New Movies ..... *Creighton Peet* 412
Music ..... *O. C.-T.* 412
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ..... *W. R. Brooks* 413
From the Life ..... *Ibby Hall* 414


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## Next Week in the Outlook

**The Patient is Always Wrong.** By Edna Yost.
An indictment of the "red tape" and military discipline of modern hospital management.

**Slide Rule Hawks—Speed Demon.** By C. B. Allen.
The story of the aviator who has breakfast in Los Angeles and dinner in New York on the same day.

**Testimonials, Wholesale.** By Alva Johnston.
The second article in a series of big names in advertising. How Constance Talmadge became the official heroine of the industry.


THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, March 18, 1931. Volume 157. Number 11. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.


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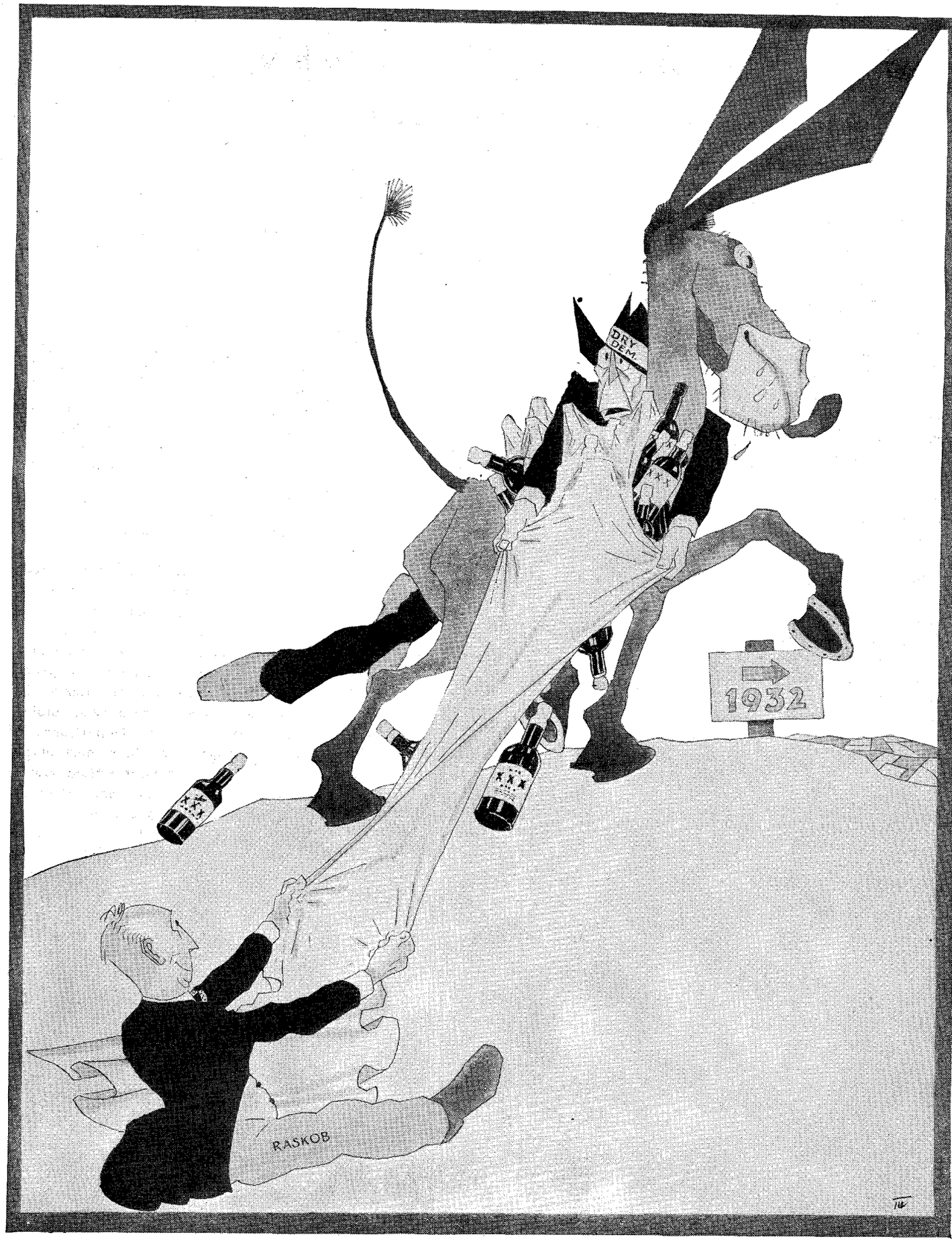


*GOING FOR A RIDE*

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OUTLOOK
and Independent
March 18, 1931

# The Trend of the Week

## Home Rule Plan

"THE home rule plan," John J. Raskob christened the wet proposal he advocated before the Democratic National Committee on March 5. He proposes that the Eighteenth Amendment be retained, but that a new amendment be submitted for adoption to state conventions—not to state legislatures—providing that nothing in the Eighteenth Amendment shall prevent any state, without interference from the federal government, from controlling the manufacture, transportation and sale of liquor within its borders as it sees fit. Thus if New York wished to institute the Swedish liquor-control system within its own borders it could do so. But under the home rule plan neither New York nor any other state could institute this or any other system until it had been approved by a state-wide referendum. Mr. Raskob rightly believes that his plan would prevent the return of the saloon, since a majority of the people of any state would refuse to vote for a liquor-control system under which the return of the saloon was permitted.

Mr. Raskob's plan means that, since the Eighteenth Amendment would still be in the Constitution, the federal government would use money and men to help dry states to remain dry. Thus, with federal and state governments cooperating, supported by public opinion, prohibition in dry states might be made a reality. Summed up, then, the Raskob plan says in effect: Let wet states be wet and let dry states be dry without fear of invasion by liquor from wet states nearby.

How prohibition leaders can object to this proposition we confess we cannot see. Or rather, we see how they can base objections to it on their jealousy and dislike of wet states, but we do not see how they can base them on grounds more creditable to themselves. Neither, apparently, do they. So far, their objections have been silly. Thus Edwin C. Dinwiddie of the National Temperance Bureau says that "the plan of Mr. Raskob must be opposed by an honest friend of the Eighteenth Amendment because it is subversive of that amendment." This is equivalent to saying that a plan to change the force and effect of the Eighteenth Amendment is a plan to change the force and effect of the Eighteenth Amendment. And this, in turn, is equivalent to saying nothing at all.

## Our Mad Relief System

ON MARCH 7 the Red Cross announced that at the end of February it was providing relief for 2,000,000 persons in the twenty-one drought states. To carry on this work it has the $10,000,000 recently raised by private subscription. Or rather, it will probably have $10,000,000 by the time this appears in print. It will be recalled that the Red Cross drive was scheduled to end on February 10, but was continued when a financially fagged public failed to respond according to expectations. The 2,000,000 drought sufferers will therefore be able to obtain about $5 apiece from the Red Cross. Count in the $65,000,000 made available by Congress for loans to drought-stricken farmers able to furnish security and it is evident that, all told, these 2,000,000 people will be able to obtain about $38 apiece.

Now consider the veterans. On March 7, the Veteran's Bureau at Washington revealed that about 100,000 veterans had already applied for loans totaling, presumably, about $50,000,000, since under the bonus law passed by Congress the average veteran will be able to borrow $500 on his certificate. It is expected that eventually about 2,500,000 veterans will apply for loans, to the tune of approximately $1,000,000,000. Add to these facts the estimate in Detroit, capital of the auto industry, that about twenty or twenty-five per cent of the money received by the veterans will be spent for automobiles.

Recapitulating, then, what have we? We have 2,000,000 drought sufferers, most of them miserable, receiving $75,000,000, or $38 apiece. We have 2,500,000 veterans, most of them reasonably prosperous, receiving $1,000,000,000, or $500 apiece. What do you think of it? How do you like our American relief system?

## Wagner Bill Vetoed

IT WAS AN UNIMPRESSIVE, not to say a shabby, veto message in which, on March 7, President Hoover disapproved the Wagner bill for the creation of a national system of state employment offices under federal aid and supervision. The Wagner bill, said Mr. Hoover, immediately abolishes the present employment service in the Department of Labor, though some time must elapse before the new system it outlines can be established. "It is not only changing horses while crossing a stream, but the other horse would not arrive for many months." This Senator Wagner flatly denies, pointing out that the bill makes provision for a two-year period of adjustment from the present system to the new system. Again, Mr. Hoover declared that the bill would end the special divisions in the federal service now devoted to farm laborers and veterans. But in his devastating answer to the veto message Senator Wagner holds that there is ample authority in his bill for the continuation of both services.

For these and other minor reasons, President Hoover declared that he must disapprove the bill if he would "prevent a serious blow to Labor." It is difficult to see how, if this bill strikes a serious blow at Labor, it has obtained the hearty support of so many employment experts. However, assuming that there really are defects in the Wagner bill, why were they not removed by

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negotiations between the Senator and emissaries of the White House? Certainly there was ample time, since the measure, introduced in 1928, was passed by the Senate a year before it was sent to Mr. Hoover for signature. And certainly the eleventh-hour effort of Mr. Hoover's Secretary of Labor to kill the Wagner bill by substituting a measure of his own—a measure which even the Republican House rejected—cannot be called an honest effort to remove whatever flaws the Wagner bill may have.

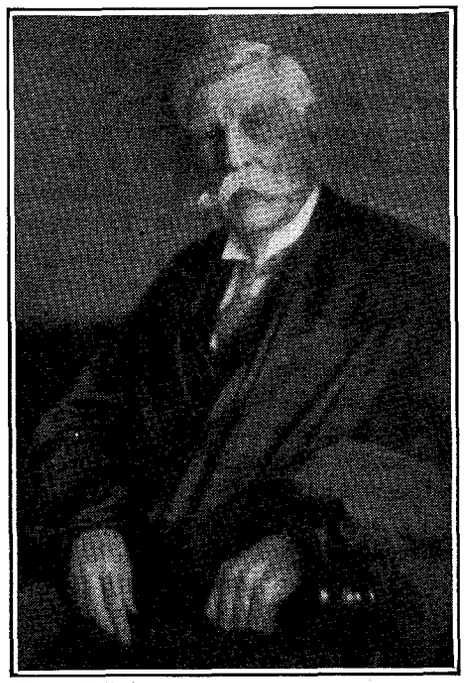
However, there was one reason above all others why Mr. Hoover's statement of March 7 was received with cynical smiles—his irritating lack of generosity toward Senator Wagner's earlier measures for the collection of unemployment statistics and the advance planning of public works. Had he accepted these two measures less grudgingly, the country would not have dismissed the recent veto message with the comment, "Peanut politics."

### ▶▶*Smith and 1932*

"ALL I WANT TO BE is just a plain worker in the ranks," former-Governor Smith told the members of the Democratic National Committee on March 5. The statement has been widely noted, but no more widely than others made by the ex-Governor a day or two earlier.

On March 2, asked whether he would seek the Democratic nomination for President next year, Mr. Smith noncommittally replied: "That is like crossing a bridge seventeen miles ahead." He also said, vaguely: "I have such a high regard for the leadership of the Democratic party that I don't think anybody ever accomplished anything shortly after the last presidential campaign, in which he was the party's standard bearer by seeking it." Told that some observers had discerned in his statements a desire on his part for renomination, he said: "Well, they cannot discern something for nothing." Finally, though he denied having split with Governor Roosevelt, he added: "I do not think I will answer that question whether I am for him [Roosevelt] or against him at this time. That matter will be settled by some one bigger than myself, the national convention."

Out of all this has come the report that Mr. Smith is an active candidate for renomination, and that his hemming and hawing prove it. We do not think so. Surely he is too practical not to see and to share the prevalent opinion that, despite his merits, he is not the Democrat with the best chance of winning in 1932. Why, then, does he refuse to say that he will not be a candidate? Possibly for two reasons. The first may be that, though he does not expect the nomination, he would by no means refuse it if it came to him, say as a result of a deadlock in the national convention between Roosevelt and Owen D. Young. The second reason may be that he is anxious to preserve his power in the Democratic party. If he were to declare himself out of the running, party leaders thenceforth would tend to pass him indifferently by. He would lose much of the influence he expects to have in the selection of a presidential candidate and the writing of a party platform. To call him a pussyfooter for his reluctance to reveal his hand twenty months before election is to give him a label which, obviously, does not fit a man known above all else for his candor and his courage.



Harris & Ewing

*GREATEST OF JURISTS*
*Oliver Wendell Holmes, Associate Justice of United States Supreme Court*

### ▶▶*In Praise of Holmes*

DEAN CLARK of the Yale Law School, President Boston of the American Bar Association, and Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the United States, joined in paying tribute to America's most distinguished citizen on March 8, his ninetieth birthday. We refer, of course, to Oliver Wendell Holmes, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Among them, the three speakers thoroughly reviewed the great jurist's career and characteristics. They spoke of his father, the poet and essayist, of his years as a soldier in the Civil War, as student, professor and practitioner of the law, as justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and, later, of the Supreme Court of the United States. They mentioned his valiant dissenting opinions. They did not, but they might well have singled out for special mention one of his best and best known utterances, so reminiscent of Voltaire's "I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it." It was Justice Holmes who wrote: "If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other, it is the principle of free thought, not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought that we hate."

But the achievements of Justice Holmes do not wholly explain the high esteem in which the nation holds him. A search for a basic explanation would carry us beyond his accomplishments, beyond his position, his talents, his wit and his unfailing amiability which makes him "the best company in Washington." It would carry us to something fundamental, to the quality which Circuit Court Judge Learned Hand mentioned in presenting Hopkinson's portrait of Holmes to the Harvard Law School—in fine, to his quality of completeness, to the certain serenity which, said Judge Hand, must come from being at home in this great and awful universe. Mr. Hughes must have had this quality in mind when he said: "The most beautiful and the rarest thing in the world is a complete human life, unmarred, unified by intelligent purpose and uninterrupted accomplishment, blessed by great talent employed in the worthiest activities, with a deserved fame never dimmed and always growing. Such a rarely beautiful life is that of Mr. Justice Holmes." One feels that Justice Holmes knows how to live a life. In last analysis, it is that for which the rest of us accord him our admiration.

### ▶▶*The Divorce Business*

DIVORCE is not a problem in Nevada. It's a business. A business valued at $5,000,000 or so a year. The ninety

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days' residence requirement and the wide variety of grounds for divorce have been drawing an average of two thousand divorce seekers a year to Reno. While establishing the required residence, the maritally disillusioned must be housed, clothed, fed and diverted. Hence swanky hotels and shops, gambling casinos, sports, theatres and night clubs have made Reno a kaleidoscope city of brief gaieties and prosperous townspeople.

Therefore, when Arkansas and Idaho also passed bills requiring but ninety days' residence before the filing of a divorce suit, Nevada quickly moved to quash the threatened competition. A hastily drafted bill to reduce required residence to forty-two days passed the lower house of the Legislature unanimously and will probably be approved by the Senate and the Governor. As an added attraction the bill provides for secrecy of domestic details. If divorce seekers go to Arkansas or Idaho after this bill has been passed, it will be for the sake of mineral baths and mountain scenery alone, and what with its new 42-day bill and a proposed measure to permit wide-open gambling, Nevada hopes to hold its own.

The outcome doubtless will be that in time Idaho and Arkansas and whatever other states wish a share of divorce profits will in turn reduce their own residence requirements. Did not tradespeople as well as lawyers have to live, we might soon see cafeteria divorce or even mail-order divorce in some states. It is not a pretty business but it is natural and inevitable. Divorces will be centralized in a few states until laws are enacted in all states which will permit persons with reasonable grounds to obtain divorces honestly and with some dignity. While there are states like New York, which permits divorce only on grounds of abandonment and adultery, and South Carolina, which does not permit divorce at all, the racket out West will continue.

## ▶▶*New York Murder Case*

THE GRAFT and corruption under investigation in New York City were suddenly dramatized by the murder of Vivian Gordon and the resulting suicide of her sixteen-year-old daughter. If there is any bright side to these shocking cases, it is that they have quickened public interest in all aspects of the inquiry into the Tammany-controlled magistrates courts, begun last fall by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. As special counsel for this inquiry, Isidor J. Kresel had been drawing a black line of bribery from prostitute to policeman to prosecutor, revealing many instances of frame-up and extortion. On January 7 Vivian Gordon sent him a letter asking for an interview and promising "some information in connection with a 'frame-up' by a police officer and others."

Vivian Gordon was forty and red-haired. She had expensive jewels, a $2,000 sable coat, a $25,000 bank balance, many friends and enemies and many more associates. She paid $150 a month for her New York apartment, which she commonly left in the evening to return at dawn. In her diary she had recorded innumerable escapades, as well as fears that men who owed her money would bring about her death. Police Commissioner Mulrooney calls her a blackmailer. At any rate, she was anxious to aid the inquiry, primarily to clear herself of a vice charge on which a New York magistrate had sent her to jail in 1923. Boastfully apprising others of what she was doing, she appeared before an attorney for the inquiry on January 26, related a story of being framed by a policeman and left to obtain corroboration.

Keystone

*SUICIDE*
*Benita Bischoff, daughter of the murdered Vivian Gordon*

She never came back. Early on February 26 her body was found in Van Cortlandt Park, a noose drawn tightly around the neck. Five days later Benita Bischoff, Vivian's daughter by her divorced husband, grieving over the revelations regarding her mother's death, killed herself at her father's home in Audubon, N. J. Public interest in the effort to clean up New York, kindled by the murder of the mother, flamed high over the suicide of the daughter. For once, New Yorkers greeted reports of police frame-ups, of dishonesty and incompetence on the part of public officials, with something other than resigned and knowing smiles. On March 7 the City Club asked Governor Roosevelt to remove District Attorney Crain of New York County, charging inefficiency, incompetency, failure to enforce the criminal law and misfeasance in office. Governor Roosevelt immediately ordered an investigation of the charges, which may extend into the entire New York Police Department. As Heywood Broun has said, "You can't laugh off the rope around the neck of a dead woman."

## ▶▶*A Useless Yardstick*

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S veto on March 3 —sustained late that night by the Senate—quashed the Norris measure for government operation of the power and nitrate plants at Muscle Shoals, symbol of the whole movement for government, as against private, development and sale of power. Primarily, the measure was designed to make government operation at Muscle Shoals a yardstick with which to measure the fairness of power rates charged by private enterprises.

It was therefore a bit startling for President Hoover to say in effect that, from the viewpoint of the very government-operation advocates who had designed it, the yardstick embodied in the Norris bill was unsatisfactory. According to his veto message, the Muscle Shoals project would have defeated the fundamental purpose of its champions, which was to develop and sell power so cheaply as to show that private industry was charging exorbitant rates. Mr. Hoover declared that the bill would enable the government to produce 1,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours of salable power annually, that the production and distribution would entail annual overhead and operating costs of $9,145,000, that the cost of the power to the government would therefore be 9.1 mills a kilowatt-hour and that the wholesale rate for power in that region is but 7.2 mills a kilowatt-hour. Hence, if the entire Muscle Shoals output were sold at that rate, the annual government loss would be nearly $2,000,000.

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Mr. Hoover rounded out his gloomy picture by contending that government losses would be increased through rate cutting necessary to secure customers who are already buying power at the private rate of 7.2 mills, that further losses would accrue through sale of power to fertilizer manufacturers in that region at 2 mills a kilowatt-hour and that, to cap the climax, even at such a rate the government, were it to operate the Muscle Shoals nitrate plants itself, could not produce fertilizers "as cheaply as these products are now being sold in the wholesale market." Therefore, if Mr. Hoover's figures are correct—and if they are not it is for Senator Norris to show wherein they are incorrect—the government under the Muscle Shoals measure would produce and sell at a loss not only fertilizer but power as well. Thus the advocates of government operation, having demanded a yardstick with which to measure the merits of private operation, apparently fashioned one that would have injured their own side of the case.

## ▶▶*Cardinal Hayes in Texas*

If former-Governor Smith's recent appearance at Raleigh on invitation of the North Carolina Legislature was a sign of the once solid South's uneasy conscience, what shall be said of Cardinal Patrick Joseph Hayes' appearance in Texas? Like North Carolina, Texas is one of the four southern states which bolted Smith in 1928, primarily because of his Catholicism.

Even Texas could not have disregarded tradition so coolly as to fail to invite a Cardinal to the bicentennial celebration of the founding of San Antonio, since much of the state's early history was made by Catholic fathers and San Antonio's own Alamo was actually the Mission San Antonio de Valero. In fact, San Antonio grew out of the missions set up by Catholic padres more than a decade before Spain established civil government there in 1731. But it was one thing for Cardinal Hayes to take part in the ceremonies at San Antonio. It was something else again for him to speak in the Senate chamber at Austin on the unanimous invitation of the Texas Legislature. If any other Cardinal ever received such an invitation from a southern legislature we have never heard of it.

Yet Cardinal Hayes was invited, as he said, "not only as a citizen but also as a churchman." One is not quite sure whether to look for subtleties in his address or not. What was his purpose in speaking in one breath of the Senators of Texas and the Senators of ancient Rome? Why did he explain that he was not in Texas because of the Senate's resolution, signed by the Governor, or even because of the insistence of fellow churchmen, but "because of the womanhood of Texas"? It would be chivalrous, but it would not be easy, to forget that, though the manhood of Texas held the torch of religious bigotry high in 1928, the womanhood of Texas held it even higher.

International

*NEW YORK PRELATE*

*Cardinal Patrick Hayes, who addressed Texas Legislature at Austin*

## ▶▶*Truce in India*

On March 4, a few hours before dawn in New Delhi, Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, and Mahatma Gandhi, leader of India's Nationalists, reached a significant agreement. Signed by the two at high noon that day and endorsed the next day by the Nationalist working committee, it definitely answered the one vital question raised on January 19 at the closing of the London round-table conference on India. The question was whether the Nationalists, who had boycotted the London meeting, would participate in another conference on the new constitution outlined by Premier MacDonald. The answer is yes.

Other phases of the Gandhi-Irwin agreement are incidental. Britain promised to release certain political prisoners and temporarily, at least, to permit picketing of a non-political nature and the manufacture of salt for home use by Indians living near the sea. In return, Gandhi promised to end the campaign of civil disobedience which he started in March, 1930, and within twenty-four hours his party committee ordered the promise put into effect. Gandhi's promise was obviously necessary if he was to enter official discussions of a new constitution. The British promises were merely inducements to that end.

Nevertheless, agreeing to discuss a new constitution is not agreeing on the nature of the constitution itself. Ever since Gandhi first demanded complete self-rule for India, the respective positions of the British and the Nationalists have been miles apart. At the close of the round-table conference Premier MacDonald, with the approval of Britain's three parties, declared that India would not be allowed full self-control at this time but would be allowed to advance toward it through a new constitution, leaving essential powers—military and financial—in British hands. Probably Britain will yield no further. Whether the British and the Nationalists are to cooperate in writing a new constitution will therefore depend on the concessions the Nationalists are willing to make. Since his release from jail late in January, Gandhi has indicated that he might modify his demand for immediate and complete self-rule. Indeed, he has already yielded somewhat in agreeing to discuss the constitutional reforms on British terms. However, he has by no means accepted the British position in toto. It is possible that his Nationalists would not let him accept that position even if he should wish to.

## ▶▶*Our Russian Policy*

With its characteristic air of mysterious importance, the State Department on March 8 advised newspapermen that it was about to begin a special study of Soviet Russia. Exactly what it seeks to learn remained in the dark, along with the end to which it plans to turn

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the information. In fact, about all that could be pried out of Department officials—aside from Secretary Stimson's desire to broaden his horizon—was the inference that they "discounted" reports that they intended to examine the question of recognizing the Soviet government, as Senator Borah had urged two weeks before the end of Congress.

Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Borah has constituted himself a committee of one favoring recognition of Moscow. In and out of season he has hammered away at the issue, so persistently that no special attention was paid his recognition speech of February 17. Yet in that speech the Senator touched one point of considerable importance to American business when he said that our policy of withholding recognition "militates against the man of ordinary means." Mr. Borah noted that Soviet Russia had become one of our best customers. But he added that, while large American business interests were trading in Russia under some disadvantages, our smaller firms were practically prevented from trading there at all.

"Without consuls," Mr. Borah said, "without the ambassador, without representatives of the government, unless he [the American business man] is of sufficient affairs financially to finance his own proposition and to purchase his own protection from his own special agents, it is practically impossible for him to do business in Russia." Specifically, Senator Borah told of a Californian who was seeking a large Russian contract in competition with Britons whose consuls and agents in Russia made it "practically impossible for him to do business upon an equality with them."

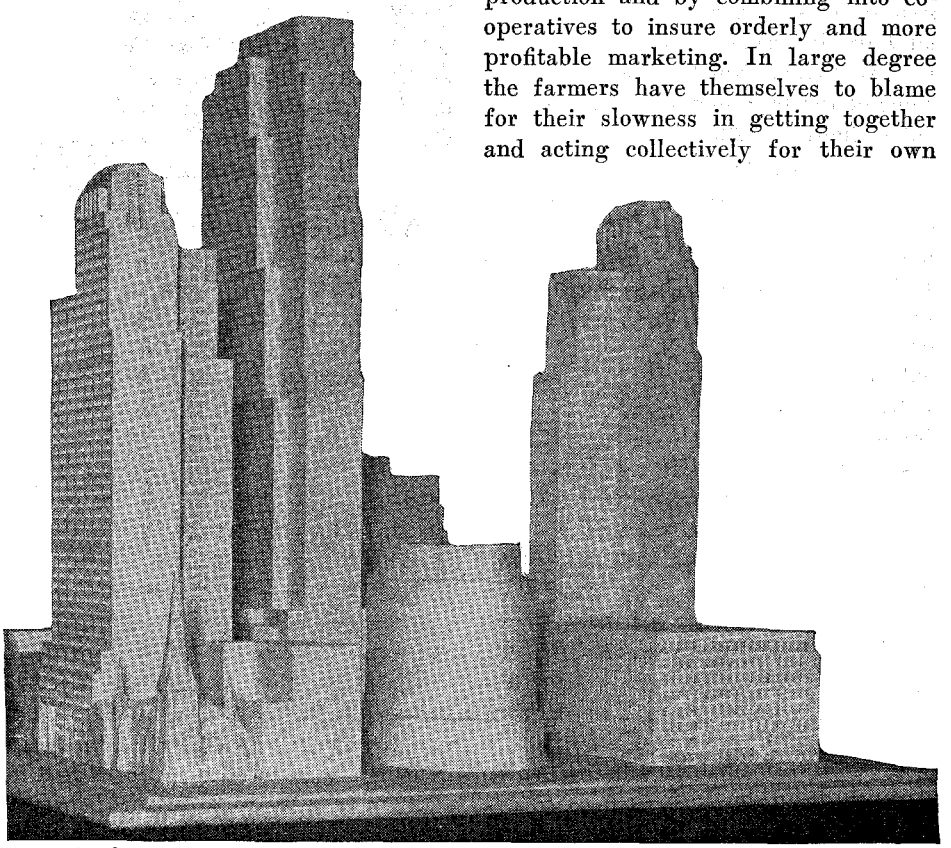
This is a situation which bears watching, whether by the State Department or the Department of Commerce. Instead of academic researches or legalistic theories about recognition, American business should be given the facts as to whether recognition would increase our trade with Russia and, if so, how much.

## ▶▶*City That Radio Built*

We confess strange sensations at sight of the plaster model of the Rockefeller "Radio City," which will rise shortly to cover a space three city blocks square in midtown New York. The unit is impressive, surely. Its price is impressive —$250,000,000. Its buildings are impressive —upstanding shafts, austerely beautiful. The project itself is impressive—the most ambitious private development undertaken in America.

Impressed, then, we examine the unit more in detail. The tall building in the center will be the radio building, housing Radio Corporation of America executive offices, National Broadcasting Company general offices, and some thirty studios for broadcasting and television. The twin buildings flanking this on either side will be forty-five-story office buildings. To the rear of the right-hand twin will lie the Radio-Keith-Orpheum picture theatre and R. K. O. Corporation offices. To the rear of the left-hand twin is the site of the R. K. O. vaudeville theatre and, just possibly, of the Metropolitan Opera House. The oval building in the center will house a bank, with shops and showrooms above. The ankle-high church at the corner is the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, the only fragment of brick and mortar now standing on the huge Rockefeller site which will not be scrapped for progress's sake.

Demolition has already begun; construction will begin in June. Two years from now the Radio City will be finished and humming with activity. S. L. Rothafel (Roxy) will be its manager, or "Mayor." There will be broadcasting, television, vaudeville and talkies. In the oval bank, which looks like a top-hat bandbox, clerks will add up the profits. A cynic (fortunately, though, no sensible person pays any attention to cynics) might call the whole development a shining monument to the solvent inanities. And in the corner, looking quaint, the little church. That church sets one to speculating—about the radio, Roxy, Rockefeller and God.



International

*RADIO CITY*

## ▶▶*Stone Succeeds Legge*

Notwithstanding the criticism he aroused as chairman of the Federal Farm Board, Alexander Legge's resignation has caused general and genuine regret. Mr. Legge was without question the board's most outstanding member, a blunt, shrewd, tireless worker who pitched into the job with a stimulating devil-may-care spirit and unquestionable ability. Virtually drafted against his own will, he stayed at his thankless post for eight months more than the twelve he had planned and left of his own accord.

Succeeding Mr. Legge as chairman, Vice-Chairman James C. Stone falls heir to two policies, one that should be continued, another that should be abandoned. The Farm Board is on sound ground in attempting to encourage farmers to help themselves by limiting production and by combining into cooperatives to insure orderly and more profitable marketing. In large degree the farmers have themselves to blame for their slowness in getting together and acting collectively for their own

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good. As Mr. Legge has said, many of them "seem to feel that through some mysterious process the problem can be

International

*MR. LEGGE'S SUCCESSOR*

*James C. Stone of Kentucky, new chairman of the Federal Farm Board*

solved without any action on their part —something that never can be done." Yet, it should be added that their feeling has been fostered by the Farm Board's purchase of wheat (about 150,000,000 bushels) in an effort to raise and peg its price.

It is this policy which should be dropped. It is wrong in principle; as President Hoover said in his message to Congress in 1929, "no government agency should engage in the buying and selling and price-fixing of products, for such courses lead only to bureaucracy and domination." In practice, it has cost the government a pretty penny and the price of wheat has fallen nevertheless. The change of chairmen offers an opportunity—which will no doubt be neglected—to abandon a policy which has proved as unsound in fact as it is in theory.

## ▶▶*Equalizing War Burdens*

THE LAST CONGRESS did well to create a War Policies Commission of legislators and Cabinet members "to promote peace and to equalize the burdens and to minimize the profits of war." The thought of Congress was that peace would naturally be promoted if the burdens of war were balanced and its profits cut to the bone. The opinion evolved readily from the experiences of the last war when it was commonly believed that munition manufacturers (to mention but one class) favored our entrance as a means of enriching themselves. Whether or not wars can be avoided by any such scheme, it is obvious that Congress is on the right track in seeking to reduce profits and equalize burdens.

The conscription of soldiers, begun in the United States during the Civil War and carried out more equitably during the World War, has naturally fostered the belief that a government at war should also conscript labor, capital and industry. Yet at one of the first public hearings of the War Policies Commission this proposal met the determined opposition of Bernard M. Baruch, the New York financier who headed our War Industries Board during the last war and probably learned more than any one else about war profiteers and the necessity for government control of supplies. Maintaining that regulation would work out more effectively than conscription, Mr. Baruch proposed that Congress empower the President to proclaim, at the outset of war, that the price for every item and service in commerce shall be fixed as of some specified pre-war date. These prices would be unchangeable except through another presidential proclamation.

Mr. Baruch contends that his plan would eliminate war profits and inflation, allow the country to pass from peace to war with a minimum of confusion and waste, reduce the cost of war by fifty per cent, and enable the nation to return to peace without the usual disastrous aftermath. Yet the Baruch plan does not promise to equalize the burdens of war. Neither does it seem likely to prevent fat profit-making, though it obviously would discourage profiteering. It is therefore questionable whether the plan goes far enough.

## ▶▶*Stabilizing Wages*

IN THE CLOSING WEEKS of last year the Rockefeller-financed Industrial Relations Counselors announced the results of a study of all unemployment insurance plans operating in the United States. There are not many such plans and, all together, they cover little more than 100,000 of our 23,000,000 wage-earners. In fact, the noteworthy thing in the counselors' report was that, though a start has been made at insuring wages in the United States, it is nothing more than a start. One of the important lessons of the current depression has been the necessity, in this mass-production era, of stabilizing the average workman's wages and thereby stabilizing mass purchasing-power. But, though almost every one admits the necessity, the problem of how it is to be met remains largely unanswered.

If the country can devise and institute some widespread system of insuring wages, we need not be caught so badly off guard again. The Industrial Relations Counselors concluded that a wide coverage of unemployment insurance "will come only through legislation." In conformity with this finding, the American Association for Labor Legislation has prepared a bill, which is being introduced in state legislatures, requiring employers to set aside funds for unemployment insurance as they do for accident compensation and for dividends. Whether this measure, some variation of it or some other measure entirely is best adapted to American conditions is a problem which should be clear by the end of this year.

By that time a report will have been submitted by a committee of Congress which has been directed to study and estimate the merits of all government and private insurance plans operating in the United States or other countries. As we need hardly say, the resolution creating the committee was offered by

International

*WEIGHING WAR POLICIES*

*Secretary of War Hurley, chairman of commission on wartime burdens and profits*

that sturdy champion of the jobless, Senator Wagner of New York. The Senator can be depended upon to plug

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for whatever form of wage-insurance the committee finds suited to American needs. How many others will do likewise when the lessons of the depression have lost some of their freshness and force is another question.

### ➤➤*Senatorial Inquiries*

THE COUNTRY has heard the last of the Seventy-First Congress, but not of its investigations. Aside from the special Senate committees which will inquire into the disputed elections of two members, Bailey of North Carolina and Bankhead of Alabama, Congress will conduct no fewer than eight investigations during the summer and fall. Members of the House will participate in two inquiries—that into all forms of public and private unemployment insurance and that into methods of equalizing the burdens and minimizing the profits of war.

The six others, five of them already under way, will be conducted by the Senate alone. Chairman Nye's committee will investigate Senatorial campaign funds, Chairman Blaine's post-office leases and Chairman Glass's banking facilities. The committee headed by Senator Frazier will complete the study of conditions among the Indians, the Senate manufacturers' committee will hold hearings on the La Follette bill for a national economic council and the Senate lobby committee of unpleasant memory will investigate reports that a Senator received $100,000 from a sugar company while the tariff bill was pending in Congress.

While senatorial investigations have inspired much mockery, they remain the most trustworthy means of bringing out all the essential facts regarding public questions. The rule is that, if a senatorial committee cannot unearth the details, no one can. Call it faint praise, if you will, but the fact is that, less than the members of any other legislative body, can Senators be over-awed by "big names," bought off by promises of favors, frightened away by threats of political reprisal or confused by deliberate obscurity.

All the greater pity, then, when a senatorial committee abuses the country's confidence. All the greater pity when such a senatorial committee as the Caraway lobby committee permits itself to be bulldozed by a Bishop Cannon. If the public's faith in senatorial investigations has recently declined, and we believe it has, the fault lies largely with the committee headed by Senator Caraway.

# Remarkable Remarks

**Two weeks ago The Outlook announced that it would offer prizes for the best Remarkable Remarks sent in by Outlook readers—$5 for the one judged best, and prizes of $2 each for the next seven chosen for inclusion in the column. The best Remarkable Remarks in this regular weekly competition appear below, with the names of the Outlook readers who contributed them. In case two or more readers contribute the same Remarkable Remarks the prize will be awarded to the reader whose contribution is first received. The competition continues weekly, and all contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.**

When I go, everything goes. There won't be any more. I ain't going to leave a lot of dough for my wife to spend on another hoodlum.—AL CAPONE.

*Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., winner of first prize, $5.*

I have been more or less shocked by the reports of framing of innocent women.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

*Lilian Bennet-Thompson, The "Burrow", Wisner, New York, $2 prize.*

When I heard of the recent depression in this country, I decided that now was the time to come here, and directly I boarded the *Olympic*, the stock market in New York began to rise.— J. B. PRIESTLEY.

*Mrs. Henry Lee Staples, Three Chopt Road, Richmond, Virginia, $2 prize.*

There is so much nastiness in modern literature that I like to write stories which contain nothing worse than a little innocent murdering.—EDGAR WALLACE.

*May V. Halloran, 570 Parkside Avenue, Buffalo, New York, $2 prize.*

A discussion of Republican policies might be modeled upon the famous essay on Snakes in Ireland, which ran: "There are no snakes in Ireland."—SENATOR GEORGE H. MOSES.

*E. H. Frost, Box 262, Summerville, S. C., $2 prize.*

Any country boy can make good in the city.—O. O. MCINTYRE.

*Anne H. Jacocks, 2205 W. Cumberland Avenue, Knoxville, Tenn., $2 prize.*

To be happy, live. It is as simple as that.—MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK.

*Kyle C. Moore, c/o Knoxville Journal, Knoxville, Tenn., $2 prize.*

The trouble with most people is they treat sin as if it were a cream puff.—BILLY SUNDAY.

*Mrs. W. G. Prottsman, Mounds, Illinois, $2 prize.*

### ➤➤*Arbitration Act*

THE ADVISABILITY of implementing the Kellogg Pact has been evident since it was ratified in 1929. What the nations signing the pact agreed to do was to renounce war as an instrument of national policy and to seek pacific means for the settlement of their disputes. What they did not agree upon was any specific means for making their promise good. Hence, peacemakers turned toward arbitration. Thirty-four nations have now signed the optional clause of the general act of international arbitration, approved by the League of Nations Assembly in 1928. This clause merely provides for the arbitration of disputes arising out of justiciable causes—i. e., causes that could be settled on a point of law—while the general act itself provides for compulsory arbitration of non-justiciable disputes—i.e., disputes which are usually the real causes of war.

Hence considerable weight has been attached to Great Britain's decision of March 9 whereby she became a signatory to the general act, though with the reservations that it would not apply to disputes within the empire or with na-

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tions not members of the League, for example, Russia and the United States. Great Britain was but the ninth nation to accede to the general act, which was approved recently by the French Senate and is now under consideration in Italy. Foreign Minister Henderson greeted the decision by the House of Commons with the hope that British adherence to the general act would lead to similar action by other nations, as was the result of British adherence to the optional clause.

All these steps, said Mr. Henderson, are mere preliminaries to the general disarmament conference at Geneva in 1932, whose results "will determine the course of events in Europe and the world." The real test of the Kellogg Pact lies not in the question whether nations will agree to arbitrate but in the question whether they will agree to disarm. That is the common-sense way of implementing the pact. Without disarmament the pact and arbitration agreements comprise a hope rather than a genuine promise of peace.

## ▶▶*In Brief*

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE will organize a special council to tell farmers how much the Administration has done to save them from bankruptcy. Members will be expected to keep office hours from 11 to 11.02 A. M. every Thursday. . . . Briefly, the Democratic situation seems to be this: Southern leaders are growing reconciled to the idea that their party's next candidate and platform will be wet, but they are still frightened to death for fear some one will say so. . . . Well, the Wickersham wets have submitted their dry report and a Boston firm is advertising PIX-UP. It's "a new, harmless, non-habit-forming remedy, compounded to break up alcoholic hangovers" and "has no other excuse for existence." . . . . Incidentally, there is said to be a serious rift within the Wickersham commission, but we suppose the board will follow its usual course and patch up the dispute by letting both sides have their way. . . . Whatever became of that contention that people would contribute to the Red Cross generously as soon as they were sure that Congress wouldn't? . . . . It is safe to say that directors of the Klux anti-Smith campaign in 1928 are among those who in 1931 are quickest to find and most eager to denounce a Democratic plot to smear Mr. Hoover.

# The Parties and Prohibition

## *An Editorial*

NOW THAT THE SMOKE-SCREENS are lifting from the combat, one definite fact of interest to the country emerges from the discussions engendered by the recent meeting of the Democratic National Committee. It is that, unless all signs fail, the Democratic party is to be wet in the 1932 elections; the Republican party is to be dry. The Democratic platform will declare for a change in the prohibition law. The Republican party will call for a further try of the bone-dry effort.

Against this proposed line-up, naturally, many hostile voices are already raised, with the majority of the arguments resounding in the Democratic camp. To be sure, Mr. La Guardia, wet New York Republican, cries out against being led into an arid G. O. P. wilderness. But Mr. Capper of Kansas hails Mr. Hoover as the dry Moses who will lead the party ever further into the desert and presumably across into the Promised Land. Anti-Saloon Dr. McBride again backs a dry Mr. Hoover with the mighty legions of the League. Mr. Watson of Indiana blandly admits that the Republican trend is dry and, with the support of Senator Moses, chooses economics as his major issue for 1932. And the feeble dissent resulting does not even require Dr. Fess to gallop to the rescue of the intimidated Elephant. The Republican party will be dry in 1932, hook, line and sinker. For oddly enough the Republican Progressives are illiberal on this particular subject, and no matter what sort of row they may kick up on other issues, they will support a dry plank.

In the Democratic party, on the other hand, since it is to be wet, the kicking is being done by the Drys, who are mostly southerners. For Democratic leaders who come from southern prohibition districts foresee a difficult time ahead for themselves personally. Even the sanity of Mr. Raskob's proposal for state home rule under a new amendment to the present Eighteenth cannot still the fears of these gentlemen. They have been unable—in which they resemble the Republican drys—to bring to bear any effective arguments against the proposal itself. But the issue, since it means the end of national prohibition, threatens their personal fortunes to such an extent that, identifying their personal fortunes with that of the party as a whole, they follow the lead of the Watsons and Moses' in the opposite camp and also cry loudly for economics as the outstanding issue. Thus the Morrisons and Sheppards join Senator Hull of Tennessee and Senator Robinson of Arkansas. Texas leaders become voluble again. And in both parties the minority argues fiercely for economics, power, tariff, in fact for anything—except prohibition—as the leading issue.

Meanwhile, to the ordinary citizen who is not swayed by party considerations, prohibition outweighs all other issues—and outweighs them more heavily every day. The Wickersham report made it plain to every unprejudiced American that something must be done about Volsteadism, and done quickly, if good government is to survive. It is a situation created by political action, and therefore capable of cure by political action.

The economic problems of the country on the other hand are not primarily the product of politics—except in so far as they are aggravated by an outrageously high tariff, put over by a majority of Republicans and Democrats alike—and since, basically, these problems are not politically produced, they cannot be solved by political action even if the political brains were at hand. One of the great gains of the last two years has been the bursting of the absurd bubble of Republican pretensions to the exclusive production and maintenance of business prosperity. If Republican leaders imagine that—to mix the metaphor—they can pull this old piece of wool over the voters' eyes still once more, they would do well to consult their constituents. Likewise, if Democratic leaders think that the bursting of the Republican prosperity bubble has resulted in giving the Democrats exclusive possession of another bubble of precisely the same sort, with which to dazzle the country, they are badly mistaken. All talk by political leaders of leading the country "back" or "out" of anything into anything will be of no avail in 1932.

The whole country looks at the business situation; it looks at the accomplishments, if that is the word, of the last Congress and it draws its own conclusions. Meanwhile, the great states of

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the eastern seaboard and the middle East groan under the vicious results of prohibition. Here is a proper field for political action, wherein the voters know that genuine results can be obtained. The political party which can lighten these burdens, and at the same time protect those sections of the country which want and need prohibition, will receive the ballots of millions of intelligent citizens.

THE EDITORS.

# Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WITH the utmost respect and sympathy for the gallant but gregarious gentlemen who so lately participated in the Progressives' parley, we cannot think of their hope to stimulate liberal thought and legislation without recalling Hiram Johnson's comment:

"There are only three men in the whole world whom I trust," the grim but likeable Senator from California once said.

We do not mean to apply this sweeping characterization to the men and women who met here in the Norris movement, so much as to the hostile and human forces with which they must contend in any effort to translate their ideals into reality. The clear-eyed Mr. Norris, of course, has a perfect understanding of all difficulties, if only because of the persistent prejudice and partisan politics that have temporarily blocked his ten-year-old crusade for the lame-duck amendment and federal operation of Muscle Shoals.

Yet Mr. Norris has but to gaze about the Senate chamber, and discover even among his supposed sympathizers men who speak sympathetic words but slip away when the test comes. He had, we happen to know, some trouble in persuading Henrik Shipstead, the gorgeous blonde from Minnesota, to pledge himself. (Maybe Alice Longworth's patties are affecting, at last, his head as well as his stomach.) Even William E. Borah, who dreads liberalism lest it degenerate into licentiousness—as in 1789, and, as we sometimes think, in 1776—entertained some doubt of the wisdom of the move. Hamlet-like, he may not yet be convinced that Herbert Hoover, Calvin Coolidge and Warren Gamaliel Harding have killed the cause of political progress as it is represented by the Republican Party. Pondering upon the principles advanced by "Johnnie" Raskob, and the latter's presidential pet—Owen D. Young—the Senator from Idaho may be forgiven if, with the gloomy prince, he asks whether, by fleeing from existing evils, he may not embrace a worse state.

Mr. Borah, we understand, is at last persuaded that little can be expected of the Hoover Administration in the way of political reform or advance. So agree most of Mr. Norris's colleagues. Nevertheless, we find only a few of the vocal and vaunted Progressives who sense that any worthwhile liberal movement must have a broader basis than a demand for farm relief. Only four men on the Republican side of the aisle—Messrs. Norris, Borah, Cutting and La Follette—and two among the Democrats—Mr. Wheeler and the newly elected Mr. Costigan, of Colorado—seem to realize that there must be a nation-wide, and even a world-wide, scope to any modern Progressive movement.

New York Evening Post

*All set for the kick-off*

"Old George" Norris and "Young Bob" La Follette understand that they can look for little help from men inclined to identify liberalism or progressivism, or whatever they choose to call it at the moment, with higher prices for wheat and pork. Even so, we imagine that the developing consciousness exhibited by such a bi-partisan body as the Norris conference may have a deep effect both inside and outside the walls of Senate and House.

Should the Norris-La Follette program get anywhere in the next Congress, or in the 1932 presidential election, they will have Mr. Raskob to thank. His reactionary principles, though embroidered with a plea for unemployment insurance and the five-day-week, have given the Progressives a plan, purpose and publicity. More than that, his wet views will drive numerous conservative southerners—Senators George, Glass, Robinson, Caraway and Harrison—into the liberal ranks. Mr. Robinson, for instance, has never been regarded as a progressive in any way. In the last Congress his associates deemed him to be as good—or as bad—a Republican as "Jim" Watson.

"Joe" emerged as a White House spokesman and supporter, for various reasons. He is, of course, a close friend of Harvey Couch, the Arkansas power magnate, and such friendships do not make for liberal thought or action. He has been fortunate in his investments since the World War, and he spent, as Mr. Hoover's emissary, some months in grey, old London. In fact, his right to rule an opposition party has been called into question time and again.

"Joe," however, has presidential ambitions, and, as the drys' candidate, he denounced Mr. Raskob's prohibition program with unwise and unnecessary violence. He saw his chance, and he took it. But Mr. Robinson cannot assume a half-hearted attitude toward Mr. Raskob's régime, and, therefore, "Joe" finds himself forced toward the Democratic Left. He must be a Progressive, whether it pleases him or not, in economic matters, too.

Hopeless as any independent political movement may be, we would not be surprised if definite political realignments resulted from this unrest in both parties. We imagine that such Senators as Norris, Blaine, La Follette, Cutting and a few other Republicans would support Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, say, as against Mr. Hoover. Indeed, we venture the suggestion that Mr. Borah might surprise us—and himself—next time. In any event, 1932 will test him—make or mar him.

What a human comedy it is, though! Jealousy stalks among the poor Pro-

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gressives. Mr. Robinson was inspired to deliver his denunciation of Raskob by "Thad" Caraway, who always rejoices at his colleague's discomfiture. Mr. Roosevelt is conspiring with the drys, and carrying liquor and Wickersham water on both shoulders. The romantic friendship, never real, between himself and "the Happy Warrior" has come to a close.

All of which denotes—no more—the approach of another presidential circus, with three rings, perhaps, instead of two.

A. F. C.

# The Week in Business

*By* FRANK A. FALL

## *High Spots*

WITH the adjournment of Congress, a consummation which should be celebrated by a period of general thanksgiving, business now has a chance to go ahead and advance a program based on facts, principles and accomplishments.

As Congress talked itself to death, several thrilling business news stories came over the wires. First in importance was the announcement that an American enterprise had gone over the top with five billions in accumulated assets. This was the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, generally referred to as the "Bell System." President Walter S. Gifford reported to stockholders that the company returned in 1930 a net income of $165,544,707, equal to $10.44 a share, on 15,856,696 shares of stock, as compared with $166,189,758, or $12.67 a share, on 13,113,746 shares in 1929.

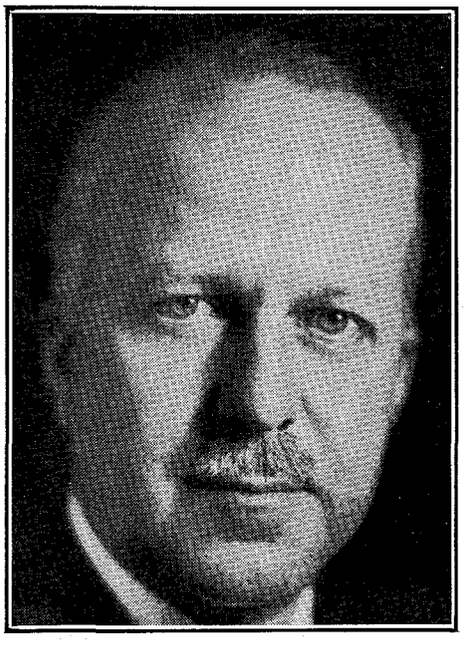
At about the same time, Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation reported 1930 earnings of $1.45 a share, as against 92 cents in 1929, in spite of the fact that the corporation had 500,000 more shares of stock outstanding. Total assets were reported at $117,796,076.

Bethlehem Steel maintains its top-of-column position in the news, a petition in error for an appeal of the Youngstown-Bethlehem merger decision having been filed by attorneys for the Sheet and Tube interests. And the Midvale Committee, with R. W. Hebard as chief prodder, is still after the Bethlehem bonus plan with a sharp stick.

## *Battle in the Air*

IT LOOKS very much as though Uncle Henry and General Motors were getting ready to fight it out in the clouds instead of on the ground. On the chance that this will be so, we have dug up the old binoculars and wired our Detroit representative to reserve a ringside seat.

The news filtered out, strangely enough, from Los Angeles, where affiliation of General Motors (through its subsidiary, the General Aviation Corporation) with the Western Air Express Corporation was revealed through an application of Western Air to list 50,000 additional shares on the Los Angeles stock exchange. In the application it was set forth that the shares had been sold



*WALTER S. GIFFORD*

to the G. M. subsidiary, General Aviation.

The report, quickly confirmed in New York, caused something of a stir, because the effect of the sale was to give General Aviation virtual control of Western Air. As G. M. already owns the Fokker Aircraft Company outright, it is now in a position to compete strenuously with the Ford Company, which has concentrated on the building and sale of commercial multimotored air transports.

General Aviation now controls the American rights of the Dornier Company of Germany, in which Fokker was also interested. Altogether, General Motors appears to have rounded up a formidable group of air forces, and if Uncle Henry is to maintain his position in air transport he will have to show some fast and high flying.

## *A Dennison of the World*

FAVORABLE comments on the short article on Charles R. Flint which appeared recently on this page seem to indicate a demand for occasional "personalities" in our chronicle of American business, and we therefore make a bow this week to another outstanding figure, —Henry Sturgis Dennison of Framingham, Massachusetts.

If Mr. Dennison were merely the head of the Dennison Manufacturing Company, and his organization merely one of a number of successful business projects, we might not hasten, as we do, to give him a niche in the OUTLOOK Hall of Fame. But he is a business leader, in the truest sense, and his enterprise is a great laboratory in which are being worked out exceedingly important problems of management, personnel administration and practical economics.

Born in Boston in 1877 and graduated from Harvard in 1899, Mr. Dennison has given the greater part of his life to the company which bears his name. But he has found time to give valuable service to the government during the war, and to the Post Office Department since the war. He has also been a tower of strength for such institutions as Antioch College, the Taylor Society and the International Management Institute.

This week's toast, then, is: "To Henry S. Dennison, who believes that reserves should be built up in prosperous times so that the gloom of depression may be lightened, not only for the stockholders but also for the workers, who are the real backbone of the industry."

## *Economics—Theory and Practice*

CHALK up another tally for the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, for *The Economics of American Business* (Harper $4) by Professor Paul F. Gemmill.

Business men who complain that they have sought in vain for a clear, simple statement of economic principles will be relieved of their pet peeve if they get

## INDICES

(*A two-minute summary*)

**Commodity Prices** (Fisher's Index—1926=100) March 5—76.0. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) March 5—66.9.

**Car Loadings** (American Railway Assn.) Week ended February 21—713,938 cars (reduction of 6,751 under preceding week and of 114,952 under same week of 1930).

**Steel Ingot Production** Week ended February 28—53% of capacity (increase of 1% over preceding week; reduction of 26% under same week of 1930).

**Crude Oil Production** Week ended February 28—daily average gross 2,100,900 barrels (reduction of 64,350 under preceding week and of 523,050 under same week of 1930).

**Grain Exports** Week ended February 28—282,000 bushels (increase of 56,000 over preceding week; reduction of 1,065,000 under same week of 1930).

**Bank Clearings** (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended March 5—$9,862,022,000 (increase of 39.9% over preceding five-day period; reduction of 16.3% under same week of 1930).

**Failures** (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended March 5—614 (reduction of 45 under preceding week; increase of 87 over same week of 1930).

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this book and devote to it a little time salvaged from 19th hole conferences and meetings of the Inside Straight Association.

Part I covers production; Part II exchange; and Part III distribution. That, to our mind, is a corking scenario for a book on applied economics, and you will find the continuity is just as good.

Ten or twelve years ago the reading of books by business men was decidedly bad form. Thanks to the adult education idea, grown men may now read without apology. We confidently expect to see a lot of them reading *The Economics of American Business.*

# The Fatter American Dollar

*By* WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

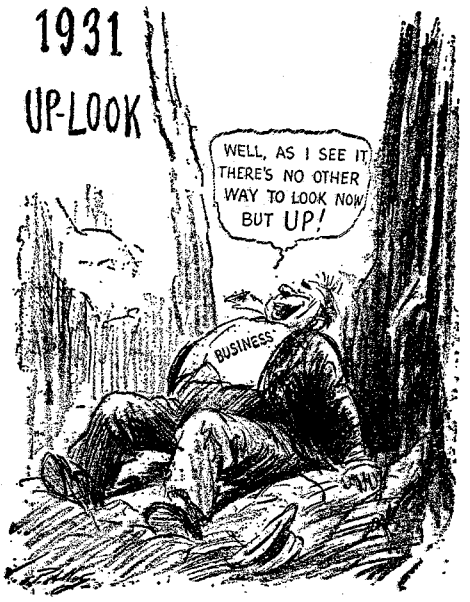
"THANK Heaven for one thing!" exclaimed a business man at the beginning of this year. "We shall no longer be plagued with comparisons of the boom year 1929 with the unusually bad year 1930. Such comparisons have caused needless pessimism. This year we shall compare current developments with those of 1930; the showing will be better, and so will the psychological effect."

This prediction has not yet been fulfilled, though there is reason to believe that it may be before the year is ended. The latest data continue to compare unfavorably with those of the corresponding period twelve months ago. The volume of general business activity is at present 20 per cent or more below an estimated normal, whereas a year ago it was less than 10 per cent below normal.

Figures of trade tell a similar story. Debits to individual bank accounts, as reported for leading cities by the Federal Reserve Board for the week ending March 4, were 22 per cent below the total for the corresponding week of 1930. January sales of department stores in the New York reserve district were 7.6 per cent less than in January, 1930, and sales by chain stores in this area were off 6 per cent. Building permits, expressed in the cost of structures, showed a decline of 14 per cent.

Thus far comparisons of the current year with the same months of 1930 do not show the improvement so ardently hoped for. But it should be remembered that the first months of 1930 were by long odds the best part of that year, while the first two months of the current year are still close to December, when the bottom of the trough of depression seems to have been reached. As 1931 grows older, the comparisons of its record with that of 1930 ought to grow better.

There is another important factor, however, which should be taken into account when these comparisons are made—the changes in prices during past months. Bank clearings, merchandise sales, building permits and foreign trade are all measured with the dollar yardstick, and the dollar today, though still one hundred cents, is really quite a different thing from what it was a year ago. Its purchasing power has risen sharply. Within the year average wholesale prices have declined over 16 per cent. For many important materials the decline has been much greater, amounting sometimes to as much as 30, and in a few cases to more than 40, per cent. The dollar in wholesale trade will now buy as much as $1.19 would have bought twelve months ago. Retail prices have not declined at the same rate. They always move more slowly than do prices at wholesale. Data of retail price movements in this country are by no means adequate, but the available indices show that the trend is definitely downward.




Cartoon by Alley in the Memphis "Commercial Appeal."

*There's a lot in our attitude of mind*

Now, these lower price levels should be taken into account in all comparisons of current trade figures, stated in dollars, with those of earlier periods. Otherwise the picture of contemporary conditions may be shown in too dark colors. Let us consider the case of bank debits. These represent the checks drawn against individual accounts and thus reflect very clearly the dollar value of business transactions in a given period. Since wholesale prices have dropped 16 per cent within the year, it is evident that the amount of wholesale business which a year ago called for $100 will now require only $84. Hence, when bank debits drop 22 per cent from the corresponding period of the previous year, as they did in the week ending March 4, this does not indicate that the actual volume of business has declined to that extent.

That the dollar is an unsatisfactory yardstick for measuring business activity in a time like this may be seen by a brief examination of the figures of the country's foreign trade in 1929 and 1930. The value of our exports in 1930 was 27 per cent less than in 1929, and the value of our imports at the same time declined 30 per cent. But a substantial part of this loss was due merely to declining prices. The effect of the price changes cannot be measured with precision. Part of the foreign trade is reported in volume as well as in value, but much of it cannot be reported on a quantitative basis. Yet it is possible to make a few interesting comparisons of the respective changes within the past year in the value and volume of important exports and imports. For example, while the value of our cotton exports dropped 36 per cent, the amount of cotton exported fell off only 13 per cent. The value of the flour exported declined 14 per cent, but the amount exported was practically the same as in 1929. The value of coffee imports declined 30 per cent, while the amount we imported actually increased 8 per cent.

In the case of rubber the situation is even more interesting. The value of our rubber imports declined nearly 42 per cent, but we actually imported 16 per cent more than in the preceding year. The contrast here is due to the huge drop in the price of rubber, amounting during the year to about 45 per cent. A dozen of our leading exports and imports registered collectively a decline in value of nearly 30 per cent, but a decline in volume of only about 10 per cent.

For the business man this story points a moral. He should not be too much perturbed by the recessions indicated by trade figures bearing the dollar sign in front of them. The decline may be by no means as drastic as it appears to be. The change may be greater in the yardstick than in what the yardstick is supposed to measure. In preparing their indices of general business activity many of the leading statistical services long ago discarded all dollar data and use figures of actual volume. Those which have not done this sometimes encounter curious complications.

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# ▸▸ Testimonials, C. O. D. ◂◂

## *Some Light on Big Names in Advertising*

*By* ALVA JOHNSTON

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**The practice of buying endorsements of nationally advertised products is under fire in many quarters. Indeed, the testimonial industry seems to be on the wane, and not even the advertising men are united in their opinions of the desirability of buying commendations to be used in advertising. The series by Mr. Johnston—of which this article is the first—gives the facts about the debated subject of Testimonials, Cash on the Nail.**

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THE origin of the modern, sophisticated testimonial is difficult to trace. Some authorities give the credit to J. C. Hommanns, Jr., who in 1919 obtained endorsement for the Corona typewriter from authors and war correspondents, but these endorsements were not quite in the modern mode. They fall in four particulars—first, they were true; second, they were signed by actual users of the typewriter; third, they were written by those who signed them; fourth, no cash was paid for them. One of the later Corona endorsements, which did have the modern touch, was that of Jack Lawrence, sports writer, into whose typewriter Dempsey dived when Firpo knocked him out of the ring. Lawrence testified that, after he had carefully picked Dempsey out of the keys, the machine ran better than ever.

Lew Fields, Sam Bernard, David Warfield and George Arliss endorsed Murads in 1905, but they smoked Murads, and therefore have no place in the modern testimonial racket. Today it is only the moral coward who smokes, eats, wears, washes with, sleeps on, rides in, or tells the time by, the thing he endorses.

The testimonial bedroom came in as early as 1921. One of the first of the Peeping Tom advertisements was Irene Castle's own boudoir which the noted dancer said she had never seen. Scores of fraudulent bedchambers have since been thrown open to the magazine-reading public as the sleeping quarters of screen stars and upperworld matrons. Recently the fake bathroom has proved a still more effective device for exploiting the peeking instinct, but the leading bathroom forger of the country has been lured away from the testimonial business to produce his gems for the movies.

Six or seven years ago the endorsers were nearly all professional people, and testimonial wangling, as it is called, was a specialty of the theatrical press. The star who signed was sure of compliments in the dramatic notes. Later the technique of testimonial wangling was broadened to include unkind words for non-signers. The puff-and-slam method was well developed at Hollywood, where the endorsements were partly controlled by the fan magazines. An obstinate non-endorser is likely to find himself or herself the subject of a "human interest story." "Human interest" is a technical term. To offer in Hollywood to write a "human interest" story about a star is the ugliest form of intimidation, a blacker thing in its way than threatening "to tell the truth."

Six years ago the modernization of the testimonial was completed by Pond's. Directed with audacity, tact and imagination, backed up by a well-filled war chest, the Pond's cream campaign made endorsing not only respectable but glamorous. Headed by two queens, a score of princesses and many noted American society women, Pond's endorsers became the most exclusive set in the world, a feminine Order of the Garter of the Bath. Women angled for a bid from Pond's as for presentation at court. In the Pond's campaign the reactions of the masses were studied scientifically. The testimonial became a department of Behaviorism. The testimonial instinct was found to be a thing that we get from the monkeys—a hunger for leadership, the fear of going wrong unless we patterned ourselves after accepted models.

*Frederick C. Kendall, editor of "Advertising and Selling," who won a Bok prize for his campaign against the testimonial*

Early in the Pond's campaign, society reporters were called in to divide American aristocracy into two classes—the $1,000 people and the $500 people. Women, who possessed personality and Social Register acquaintances, were engaged as wanglers. It was a heartbreaking work at first. Appointments were refused; letters were thrown into the waste basket. Soon the important discovery was made that preliminary obstacles can be overcome in a surprising number of cases by the careful greasing of social secretaries. It was also found necessary to buy useful information and to split commissions with relatives and friends of the prospective endorser. Sometimes weeks of work and much money were spent to discover the prospect's weakness, whether charity, millinery, recklessness at bridge or what-not. It was found in some cases that the prospect would be ripe for a testimonial on or after the 20th of each month, as her allowance was always exhausted by that date. In other cases, through inside information or connivance, it was possible to synchronize Pond's offer to the prospect with a begging letter from the prospect's favorite charity.

The strongest appeal of a general nature is the address to the conscience of the prospect—the argument that she is a leader, that she is a moral force, that she is looked up to, that she has certain definite responsibilities to the public; and that, therefore, when admirable preparations like Pond's appear on the market, it becomes her duty to let the masses know about them. *Noblesse oblige*. Other great ladies on both sides of the Atlantic had not shirked their duty. Besides, $1,000 has many uses. Yes, $1,000 is the top price, madame! The company could not pay a cent more. One thousand dollars is absolutely the top, so help me!

One of the first signers was Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. There were wild scenes at headquarters when the wangler came in waving this coveted autograph; work stopped; everybody gathered round and cheered the wangler; three executives kissed her. Mrs. Belmont was a $1,000 name, and she endorsed her check over to the Woman's Party to be used in the movement to abolish the Republican and Democratic Parties and divide the country politically into Men and Women. Other wanglers, amid cheers and congratulations, brought in Mrs.

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Cornelia Biddle and Julia Hoyt—$500 people. A foray on Chicago produced Mrs. Marshall Field, Sr. Operations in Europe resulted in the Duchesse de Richelieu and Lady Mountbatten.

Queen Marie was a bargain. She endorsed for $2,000, two silver boxes and a miniature of herself by de Laszlo. She later explained that she was in need of about $2,000 for a donation for a day nursery at Bucharest, and the Pond's check seemed to come in answer to the royal prayer. She was surprised to learn that some people thought she had cheapened herself; she said that every shopkeeper in Rumania claimed that his whole stock was endorsed by the King and Queen, and that he would be suspected of revolutionary ideas if he didn't; so that endorsements were a matter of course with her, the check being the only novelty.

Some endorsers, like Alice Roosevelt Longworth, said "No" several times before saying "Yes." She committed the worst crime that has ever been perpetrated against the testimonial; she announced through the Associated Press that she received $5,000 for the endorsement and that she intended to put it aside at compound interest until little Paulina came of age. This statement was a body blow to the infant endorsement industry. At that time many people still believed that the endorser was a good creature who gave the endorsement because of a generous impulse to spread the good news about Pond's. Few understood that the sale of a name had become an ordinary commercial transaction like the sale of a fish. The testimonial racketeers have never forgiven the daughter of the former President. The veins stand out on their temples at the mention of her name. It was not only that she shook public confidence, but she cost the testimonial industry several hundred thousand dollars. The wanglers could no longer swear that $1,000 was the ceiling.

"What?" exclaimed one prospect. "You offer me $1,000, and you gave Alice Roosevelt $5,000. If she's worth $5,000, surely I'm worth $10,000."

"But Mrs. Longworth is a President's daughter."

"Yes, but she's a Congressman's wife."

After a strenuous session, a bargain was struck in this particular case at $3,750, $2,750 of which was charged up against Mrs. Longworth's indiscretion. Prices rose all along the line. The Queen of Spain came ten times as high as Queen Marie, but a large part of the sum had to be spent in greasing governesses, noblewomen and princesses before the Queen could be propositioned.

Anne Morgan, who wanted money for her French war charities, signed promptly. The seething Vanderbilt masses resisted for a long time because of their dread of the wrath of the elder Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, matriarch of the tribe, but they finally began signing one after another for this and that, until today the name is a drug on the testimonial market.

Some of the other Pond's People were Mrs. Condé Nast, Mrs. Adrian Iselin II, Mrs. William Borah, Mrs. Asquith, Marjorie Oelrichs, the Marquise de Polignac, Viscountess Curzon, the Duchess of Alba, Lady Lavery and the Duchess of Vendome. The theatrical profession, which had previously held a monopoly on endorsements, was snubbed. Two titled women—Lady Diana Manners and Princess Matchabelli—were the only stage people admitted to the Pond's aristocracy. Only good Christians were allowed to endorse Ponds.

Sales of the cream lagged in New England. Wanglers were sent to Boston with instructions to get a Cabot, regardless of price. They were viciously rebuffed when they put the matter even before a friend of a friend of a Cabot. They were scornfully repelled when they tried to do business with Cabot butlers, and even the Cabot social secretaries had their honor. On receiving this report, headquarters ordered a search for a broken-down Cabot or a Cabot black sheep. The home office was crazy for Cabots because everybody had heard of their interesting *tete-a-tetes* and a Cabot testimonial would have an indirect value of divine approbation. But even the most impoverished of the Cabots was unapproachable. Adamses, Lowells and Saltonstalls and other old Boston families refused to exercise their leadership in the great Pond's cause. The examples of the Queens of Spain and Rumania meant nothing in Boston. In her final report to headquarters, one wangler said, "Forget Boston till you sign the Queen of England." The Philadelphia nobility was almost equally aloof. New York, Chicago and Washington are the good testimonial towns. Only the five American cities mentioned were recognized by Pond's.

What Barney Oldfield says about
Goodyear Detachable Tires
On Universal Rims
The Terrific Racing Pace
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Erie St., Akron, Ohio

*A testimonial of twenty-five years ago. In this case, as in many commendations today, the signer subjected the product to intense use*

There was one flaw in the Pond's campaign. Among the endorsers were some of the world's least beautiful women. The first wave of Pond's endorsers included women with wrathful, astounded or hungry expressions. No department of the testimonial industry is more sophisticated than the photographic department; misty focussing and unprincipled retouching do marvels; but it is impossible to soften features of startled granite.

It was planned to work in a few young things in the second wave of Pond's beauties, but debutantes are very unsatisfactory. If they are under age, it is necessary to obtain the consent of their parents; then, again, in many families there are young animals called brothers who jeer horribly and ruin carefully planned and costly campaigns. Finally, if a bud does sign, the chances are that she marries before the advertisement is used, and her new name cannot legally be used unless it is separately purchased.

Early in the campaign, it was recognized that a grave error had been made in permitting divorcees, especially those on the wrong end of a decree, to endorse Pond's. After due consideration, the canons of the Episcopal Church were made the canons of Pond's, and the testimonial became a sacrament. The austere creams may be endorsed by none but maids, widows and chaste matrons. The ringleader of the testimonial industry is more orthodox in this matter than the Archbishop of Canterbury; the church will forgive erring ones who repent, but Pond's advertising account was closed forever to any woman who has been in a jam.

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# Excess Prophets

*By* PAUL W. WHITE

WILL ROGERS once made the pertinent remark that what this country was suffering from was not over-production but over-prediction. True, in the now-vanished Great Bull Market we had an excess of profits and prophets—but where are they now, these profits, prophets, and prophecies? No one arises now to tell us where we are going, and when and how. This is a bitter subject, but perhaps now we have fallen so low that we may smile, perchance chuckle, when we look back upon that bright and vanished new economic era where excess prophets told us the sky was the limit.

Emerging from the daze that followed the stock market collapse of '29 the public was notified persistently and scornfully that it had only itself to blame. The butcher, the baker and the electrician were told in the press and from the rostrum that their participation in the unprecedented speculative orgy had supplied the pin with which the wondrous balloon of prosperity was burst.

The millions—well, anyway, thousands—of marginal investors must now be contrite indeed. For more than a year they have been the butt of scholars, politicians, writers, and bankers who—conducting an endless post mortem—have found that the layman's execrable desire to make money, to get something for comparatively nothing, led him into unfamiliar Wall Street where he stayed until his numbers grew so large that there was economic hell to pay.

It has occurred to at least one disinterested observer, however, that many of the critics who in these times of depression are lifting high their voices in abuse were only a few months ago harmonizing in a song of appeal to the public to enjoy the fruits of "a new economic era." A bit of research, moreover, reinforces my suspicion that the butcher and his friends who ventured to the stock marts were merely acting upon some very distinguished advice.

At the outset it must be admitted that the advisors did not urge margin accounts. They did not implore their believers to withdraw slender savings for a dangerous "flier," but they did predict a long reign for King Prosperity and they foresaw his continued good health. For every Babson impiously suggesting that "sooner or later a crash is coming" there were a dozen Brisbanes with their slogan, "Don't sell America short."

To discover evidence concerning the prophecies of these milk-and-honey soothsayers it is necessary only to look at the financial and news pages of almost any newspaper published in the glorious year of 1928 when the lean Mr. Coolidge presided over a land grown fat. The crystal-lomancers of the time looked long into their prescient spheres and saw only a roseate future.

Let us examine some of the published divinations of those glamorous seers, beginning, of course, with the incurably optimistic Charles M. Schwab, inveterate dinner guest and chairman of Bethlehem Steel.

"Today," said Mr. Schwab on the fifth day of March, 1928, "I do not feel that there is any danger to the public in the present situation. Money is now being lent in Wall Street by people who never lent it before. As long as the people remain enthusiastic and interested the market will hold up. We must remember that the United States is doing one-half the world's business and will continue to do so. Who can compete with us?"

Even remembering that we are still doing a lot of business and that no one—not even that dread ogre, the U. S. S. R.—can compete with us, it would be distinctly unfair to point out to Mr. Schwab that in October and November, 1929, the people were extremely "enthusiastic and interested" and that the market somehow failed to hold up. But the genial Mr. Schwab is an engaging fellow and tells quite funny stories and hence may have intended his remarks humorously. Less affable, though, is Andrew W. Mellon, and it is more difficult to find an alibi for the Secretary of the Treasury, who, on October 11, 1928, issued the following prognosis:

"In no other nation and at no other time in the history of the world have so many people enjoyed a high degree of prosperity or maintained a standard of living comparable to that which prevails throughout the country today. The Republican party has given a notable instance of platform promises which have been carried out. Under the leadership of President Coolidge, it has proved itself a party of constructive ability. Under Mr. Hoover, it offers to the country an able and experienced leader who will carry on the work of the present administration."

Charitably refraining from comment on Chancellor Mellon's response to Mr. Hoover's imminent election we pass on to the manner in which the actual event was greeted by James W. Good, western manager of the successful campaign. It was on November 6, 1928, that Good declared:

"Today's election means a continuance of Republican prosperity. It means that prosperity in the future will be more widely diffused and that agriculture will be placed on a basis comparable with other industries."

It must not be thought, even for a minute, that only politicians and delightful executives of big corporations were enjoying the fortune-telling game. It is necessary to quote but a few excerpts from the findings of others who felt moved, during 1928 and the early part of 1929, to tear away the veils that hid the future:

John Moody, of Moody's Service, as of January 3, 1928: "If the so-called 'bull market' culminates this year it will not be due to any pronounced reversal of the fundamental prosperity of the country. This latter promises genuine permanency for a long period."

Ibid, as of December 4, the same year: "The next few years should bring the greatest boom in the history of the country and without precedent in its wide and general distribution of prosperity. Some minor readjustments are needed, but there is no chance of a repetition of 1920-21 and 1907."

Lewis L. Clark, chairman of the Irving Trust Company, as of March 4, 1929: "With the inauguration of President Hoover, the nation has entered upon a period of prosperity epochal in character and dimensions."

Otto H. Kahn, banker and patron of the arts, as of October 25, 1928: "Mr. Hoover is qualified by experience to maintain prosperity."

Charles E. Mitchell, president of the

*(Please Turn to Page 414)*

## The Week's Contributors

Alva Johnston has frequently been called the best reporter in New York. He is now on the *Herald Tribune*, and a frequent magazine contributor.

Paul W. White is a former *United Press* man, now with the Columbia Broadcasting System.

John S. Gregory is a name known to magazine readers for twenty years. He is a most elusive and capricious personality.

George Raffalovich is a professor in Emory University who has lived for years in Italy and has become an authority on Fascism.

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# The Capitol Follies—71st Edition

## *Untold Stories of the Last Congress*

*By* JOHN S. GREGORY

DRAWINGS BY H. S. BARBOUR

THE HISTORIAN who would pass judgment upon the Seventy-First Session of Congress must gaze, not upon the deep, underlying forces which normally sway men and influence government, but upon a pair of ritzy, grey spats worn by Joe Robinson, the bulky and bugling Democratic boss of the Senate, and upon the sleek, shiny limousine which a generous government furnishes to the gentleman—in this instance the gilded and gregarious Nick Longworth—who presides over the House of Representatives.

He must deal with personalities rather than with philosophies, with human frailties rather than with political or economic faiths. There is, in venturing this suggestion, no desire to minimize our so-called statesmen on Capitol Hill. They are no better or no worse than the rest of us; it is simply their misfortune, though they seem to derive pleasure from it, to be standing in a spotlight as severe in its scrutiny as any which ever revealed the form of a ballet girl or the fake face of a funny man. It is the human motif which more often than not has determined the course and conduct of government from the beginning.

The political conference at Philadelphia which framed our Constitution likewise responded to the trivialities. When the Longworth of that day arose to make a "point of order" against formulation of a new Constitution, pointing out that the assembled gentlemen had been empowered only to "revise" the Articles of Confederation, he was treated to the same sort of tactics that now govern our House and Senate. The dour and doughty James Wilson answered the objection with an anecdote. Wilson described how an English Lord, returning home through the darkened streets of London, had fallen into a ditchful of mud and filth. Brushing his bespattered and Longworthian trousers, he muttered in the quaint profanity of those days:

"God mend me!"

His man servant, possessed of the common sense of the common people, suggested:

"God mend you, sir! God make you over!"

Shrieks of laughter greeted Mr. Wilson's retort. The protestant's well-taken position that there was no authority for creating a Constitution was howled down just as similar suggestions meet ribaldry in our present Congress. Thus our government was founded on a joke, or at least a jest, and there is evidence in the doings and deliberations of the session recently closed that the same spirit still prevails. Indeed, it requires no great exercise of the imagination to visualize those impressive structures—the House and Senate—as a national theatre, the façade strung with brilliant lights and the gloomy interior cut with exits and entrances. It would also be quite easy to compose a program which would read not unlike those handed out to paying customers in any vaudeville house in the land. There would, of course, be no bare legs, but the want of these would be compensated by a sufficiency of bare brains and bald heads.

*Believe it or not, a session of Congress could be made a lot funnier and more interesting. For instance, when Senator Thomas of Oklahoma wants to filibuster he could make it easier on the whole audience by singing Mammy songs, a la Al Jolson. The reading of dull reports and statistics into the Record must bore even the filibusterer*

Such a program might, conceivably, list the following performers and performances:

"Caraway and Robinson—The Arkansas Boys in an Act Which Has Thrilled the Crowned Heads of the White House and St. James's Palace."

"Borah, the Great Magician—A Superb Act Demonstrating that the Tongue is Quicker than the Ear."

"La Longworth—or, All Is Not Gold that Glitters."

"Norris of Nebraska—An Old-Fashioned Melodrama."

The list might be dragged out indefinitely. It was great theatre, but it is questionable whether it was great government. Our showmen staged as shabby a performance of "Capitol Follies" as Washington has witnessed in many years. There were petty rivalries, needless quarrelling, neglect of grave problems, political manoeuvring and downright hypocrisy from the moment the

*Speaker Longworth always plays the piano in the closing hours and the boys and girls of the House gather around and sing. Why not carry the entertainment a little further and have interludes of frank and honest fun throughout the sessions? Impersonating Tiller girls, the Speaker, the Vice-President and the two Republican leaders might prevent the members from being so amusing when they are trying to be serious*

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gavel fell in both chambers. It would be quite unfair, however, not to take account of the stress under which the actors performed. Before their eyes dangles the prospect of an opportunity to reach "Big Time" when the political producers select their cast for the 1932 show. The Democrats dread lest they spoil a setting which seems propitious for a successful appearance upon Broadway, and a tour of the sticks that will bring votes to the presidential box office. The Republicans, with their act sagging, are confronted with the problem of drowning out their competitors' rehearsals with a rival claque. Thus the Congressional circus resembled not so much a finished performance as the medley of pre-curtain tootings in the orchestral pit, the grating noises from the wings, the collapse of worn-out fragments of political scenery and the pounding of a presidential baton.

It is only natural that the people should cry for their money back, and that the politicians should beg them to remain "until the end of the performance." There is justice on both sides. What we are witnessing is nothing more nor less than Democracy putting on its make-up in preparation for our quadrennial hippodrome, and there is nothing pretty about the preliminaries. Let the audience, therefore, be patient and sympathetic.

Mr. Robinson, most of all, deserves consideration beyond, perhaps, his deserts. There were rumblings and mutterings of discontent when the Democratic leader accepted President Hoover's offer of a place on the American delegation to the London naval parley. "If Joe thinks he can capitalize what fame he gets from helping out a Republican President," grumbled his colleagues, "he is mistaken." But Joe evidently did. He aided the Administration in the treaty fight, and he signed the pre-Congressional offer of harmony so disturbing to Democrats prepared to make a partisan holiday out of the present depression and dissatisfaction with Mr. Hoover's régime.

The scene shifted suddenly, however, when tales of starvation in his home state held the headlines. Messrs. Robinson and Caraway then thundered in opposition to the Administration, and related pitiful stories of suffering back home. Thus inspired, the eloquent Borah delivered an address which produced that strange spectacle of an ovation on the Senate floor. Mr. Caraway shambled across the aisle to the Idahoan, bowed his head to conceal his wet eyes and, like a religious devotee, offered incense to this spokesman for Arkansas. Mr. Robinson next called his colleagues into conference. There, with belligerent, bull-like tones, he enunciated a six-point relief program, and, at his request, the Democrats vowed that they would not leave Washington until it had become law. It provided generously for urban and rural sufferers, including a direct appropriation to help the needy. Joe, whose giant-like figure and domineering personality are his sole qualities for leadership, actually forced his associates to adopt this extreme program.

It marked the beginning of the relief fight that ended so disastrously for Joe and Thad. In response to a Senate

resolution, John Barton Payne appeared before a Senate committee to tell whether the Red Cross was in a position to care for the needy. Mr. Payne, an eminently respected and respectful old gentleman, informed the Senators he "thought" his organization had sufficient funds to get through the winter months, but he expressed a willingness to use federal appropriations if the Senate insisted.

Mr. Hoover moved speedily, however. Within two days Mr. Payne's idea of the Red Cross program changed, and, following a conference with the President, he issued an appeal for $10,000,000. Almost simultaneously the Red Cross directors, of whom five are named by the President, declined to accept any government money. It was about this time, too, that the President assailed the Robinson relief program as "playing politics at the expense of human misery," and "a raid on the public treasury."

Good-natured "Jim" Watson, the Republican leader of the Senate, groaned at this strategic blunder. What he and his associates said about the President is quite unprintable. Democrats pointed their fingers at Robinson, and joshed him quite openly concerning the gratitude Mr. Hoover had shown for the Democratic leader's offer of cooperation and harmony.

Then "Joe" bellowed, as only he can. There were more tears and eloquent speeches for the starving and the freezing.

In the House Mr. Hoover mobilized his minions. Speaker Longworth, ever ready to compromise, thought some half-way program might be devised, as did most of his associate leaders. But there rose up one John Quillen Tilson, whose worship of authority, if it be Republican, is quite abject. He denounced Democrats and doles, and spoke of the few pence a day allotted to Arkansas victims as if it were sufficient to purchase a bountiful feast.

The elements were ripe for a conflict between Congress and Senate such as has not been witnessed in years when a certain stranger from Arkansas appeared upon the scene. This actor was Harvey Couch, who happens to be a power magnate, a close friend of President Hoover, a client of Robinson's law firm and an altogether important person in the South. With the House supporting the President, Mr. Couch assumed the role of negotiator.

Mr. Robinson thereupon became less boisterous. He not only accepted but advocated the famous $20,000,000 compromise. Despite a tongue-lashing such as few political leaders have suffered in recent years, despite recollections of his demands at the caucus, despite references to Mr. Hoover's public denunciation of his relief program, Joe "backed down" and, let it be said in testimony to his hold upon the minority, he forced them to march down the hill up which he had so bravely led them but a few weeks before.

It was a sad scene, however. So unnerved was Robinson during the debate that he tried to light the stub of his cigar while slumped in his Senate seat. Only by fierce repression did he hold himself in check as Burt Wheeler, the Cowboy from Montana, shoved chairs about and slammed papers on his desk during his vilification of the compromise. Gallery observers, recalling Robinson's readiness with his fists, feared for a moment that there might be a personal encounter. But Joe deemed mildness the better part of political valor. Mr. Borah, in a thundering address, pledged himself to spend the hot summer in Washington, if necessary to secure generous relief, but contented himself with another demand for recognition of the Soviet. The Democrats and Progressives, all through the session, threatened to keep Congress here all summer, but they were frightened out by the mobilization of editorial

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opinion. All feared lest an encore of their present act hurt their chance of making the "big time" next year.

Some there were who did not slink. "Tom" Heflin, a martyr to his attacks on the Pope, climbed to his feet "for just a few words, Mister President," at every opportunity. The trouble-making George Moses of New Hampshire egged him on in the hope of promoting religious rivalry among the Democrats on the eve of another presidential campaign. Likewise, Mr. Moses also tossed a golden apple of discord among the Progressives when he revealed that members of the Nye Committee investigating campaign expenditures lived like sybarites rather than humble servants of the Senate when out of town.

Another machiavellian Republican Old Guardsman sought to discredit the "sons of the wild jackasses" with the surreptitious disclosure that members of the Public Lands Committee spent $1,600 for hire of a yacht while inspecting the Everglades. The Nye Committee, meanwhile, turned up evidence to show that high officials of the Republican National Committee, with the approval, seemingly, of the President, had used underhanded efforts and Ku Klux propaganda in an effort to drive Senator Norris from public life.

"Uncle George," as his admirers refer to the Nebraska maverick, simply smiled and read a revised version of the "Sermon on the Mount." More than all his past desertions of party policies and presidential candidates, this biblical parody brought him the bitter condemnation of residents of the Bible Belt. Preachers, churchgoers and many sincere folk wrote in to agree with his condemnation by canonization of political skullduggery and hypocrisy, but they took extreme exception to his medium.

He, however, was too occupied and harassed to read his mail. For a while it seemed that his ten-year struggle for government operation of Muscle Shoals might be crowned with victory. His proposal again passed the Senate, and, after years of delay, was approved by the House. Similarly, his lame-duck amendment seemed on its way to acceptance. But Mr. Hoover, in the first instance, and Mr. Longworth, in the second, blocked the path. Norris must wait until next session for fulfilment of dreams which have brought lines to his face during the dreaming. Ironically, threescore "lame ducks" gave the votes which defeated both measures in the lower body.

Taut nerves were to be expected from such a medley of men and measures. When Louis Cramton, the Anti-Saloon League dry from Michigan, resented Caraway's charge that he was seeking a presidential appointment, the short and ugly word was exchanged, not once, but several times, in a most polite and parliamentary manner, however—over the telephone. It is true that Mr. Caraway, to display his bravery, visited the House, and that Mr. Cramton was in the chamber at the moment, but, like true gentlemen, each took care that they did not look one another in the eye.

So general was the desire for a back-alley exchange of epithets that the punctilious Longworth once agreed to permit a vote on revision of the rules which bar criticism of a member of another body. Though always a "gent," there have been times during the Gann-Longworth spat when "Nick" wished our ancestors had been a little less gallant. But the House did not act upon his offer, and blows, verbal and otherwise, will still be dealt over the telephone.

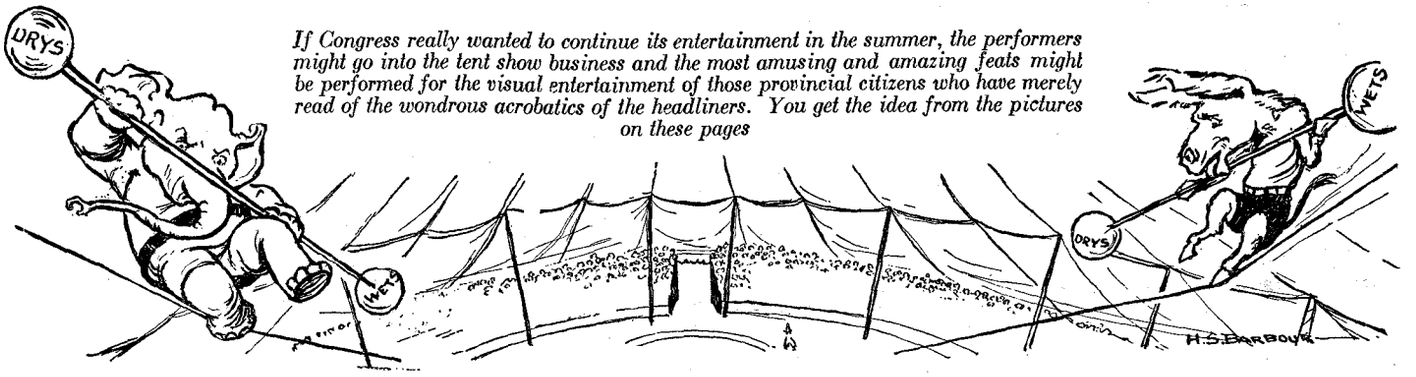
To those who do not know Nick it may seem preposterous that his desire to get an automobile free should influence his public actions. The Speaker, however, has a strong strain of Teuton thrift in him. There still sits in his back yard at Cincinnati the historic car which he and Alice drove around the Capital for many, many years. It remains there rather than in a dealer's second-hand shop because Nick thought the trade-in offer of $100 was insufficient. He is, indeed, an economical spirit, and frequently starts off on week-end trips with only a few pennies jangling in his jeans. To his credit, however, it may be appended that the honor and glory and gab of the Speakership itself, in addition to the perquisites, appeal to him. "Nick" is, at heart, a playboy, and revels in the Klieg lights. It would break—or at least palpitate—his heart to become a mere M. C. again.

Therein may be discovered the explanation for his defiance of the President on the bonus bill, although there is much to be said for men who can bow before rather than buck a popular storm. Had not Mr. Longworth accepted the measure proposed, the Congress might have passed, even over a presidential veto, a more expensive program. Morover, House leaders were assured by somebody in the administration early in the discussion that their original bill was satisfactory to the Treasury and White House. So Ike Bacharach told the press boys upon his return from a scouting trip downtown.

Not even "Nick," with his gift of prophecy, could foresee the revelry with which his well-disciplined members would pass the bonus bill over Mr. Hoover's veto and Secretary Mellon's disapproval. Not in years has the House enjoyed such a field day at an Administration's expense and discomfiture. There were catcalls for "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton," and eulogies of the soldiers. It was, indeed, a significant scene. It indicated that the House, for many years the bulwark of conservative policies and Presidents, actually prefers to be intelligent and independent. Once it had determined to override Mr. Hoover, its members shouted and yelled and behaved like schoolboys who, safe from observation, get up enough spunk to thumb their noses at the teacher.

More than ever before, it was disclosed that Nick, as Speaker, goes along instead of guiding. It is, however, a form of leadership not to be despised. In trying to meet westerners' demands for a tariff on oil, the Speaker and his associate leaders—Tilson, Snell, Hawley and Bacharach—permitted themselves to be placed in a ludicrous position, due, undoubtedly, to their desire to retain control of the House. It was, perhaps, the most comical scene of the whole production.

*If Congress really wanted to continue its entertainment in the summer, the performers might go into the tent show business and the most amusing and amazing feats might be performed for the visual entertainment of those provincial citizens who have merely read of the wondrous acrobatics of the headliners. You get the idea from the pictures on these pages*

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# Suicide in Sports

*By* GEORGE TREVOR

WHAT is the most strenuous form of competitive athletics? What game throws the severest strain on the human body? What sport tests a man's stamina to the greatest degree? I put these questions to Major Frank Wandle the other night. Ten years as athletic director and football trainer at the United States Military Academy qualify Wandle to speak authoritatively on the subject.

Competitive sports can be grouped under three categories. Class one covers contests involving body contact associated with intentional physical violence. Boxing, wrestling and football belong in this division. Each aims to hand out punishment. Group two consists of games which involve body contact without legalized or deliberate physical violence. In this category belong ice hockey, lacrosse, basketball, polo and soccer. Physical impact is incidental in these games, not a primary objective. Under the third heading come athletic contests in which the body contact element is absent. These include tennis, golf, running, cricket, racquets, rowing and baseball.

Now prepare for a surprise! Four-mile rowing—a non-body contact sport—takes a heavier toll of human resistance than any other phase of athletic competition. The oarsman who pulls a sweep in a four-mile crew race makes the supreme demand on nature. This gruelling test of stamina requires a lengthier period of preparation than any other sport. Crew candidates must train eight months to condition themselves for the heartbreaking four-mile grind. An athlete physically fit to box, play football or run the mile would not be able to endure the prolonged strain of a Poughkeepsie regatta unless he had trained with the crew squad.

Surprising as it may seem to the layman, rowing puts relatively slight stress on the arms. It is the legs, abdominal muscles and heart that are taxed unmercifully. The nervous tension, the feeling of personal responsibility, preceding a race, puts an added burden on the heart. Each oarsman realizes that he is a vital cog in that smooth mechanism we call a crew. There is no substitute ready to leap into the shell at the first hint of weakness.

In Wandle's opinion, lacrosse, next to rowing, is the most strenuous of all sports which do not require the participant to endure actual physical violence. Lacrosse, invented by the American Indians, calls for two thirty-minute periods with a ten-minute intermission. The centers and forwards are compelled to race up and down a big field with hardly a let-up. As an example of what lacrosse takes out of a player Wandle cites the case of Holley, Army center, who entered a Navy game weighing 145 pounds and scaled only 132 pounds when the final whistle sounded.

Ice hockey ranks close behind lacrosse in the capacity for exhausting human resistance. Lacrosse and hockey are unquestionably the hardest of all games on the wind, with racquets only a step away. The tempo of ice hockey is ultra rapid, the action kaleidoscopic in its sudden and recurrent shifts from one goal to the other. Those abrupt stops, quick starts and hairpin turns jar the nervous system, deplete vitality, and consume reserve energy. Skating is less wearing than running, but while the rink surface is restricted in size, the sizzling speed and continuity of play which distinguish hockey soon take their toll. The hockey player's stamina is further weakened by teeth-jolting body checks, sideboard collisions and falls on the ice, not to mention such illegal tactics as stick slashing and fisticuffs. Repeated substitutions bear witness to the killing pace.

Basketball, as played today, is less exacting than lacrosse or hockey. The halves are limited to twenty minutes, interruptions for foul shots are aggravatingly frequent, and the recently popularized "five man defense" system eliminates a lot of running. Body contact is less punishing than in hockey.

Professional he-men need not snicker, tennis is actually a grilling ordeal! Those who shrill the provocative word "love" in falsetto cadence have never seen a five-set Davis Cup match fought out beneath a blistering sun. At Melbourne in 1907, Norman Brookes and Beals Wright tottered about the court like punch-drunk fighters in the fifth set. They had covered over six miles while the thermometer registered 101 degrees, with the added strain of repeated sudden stops and starts.

Long-distance running is not as gruelling an ordeal as the uninitiated imagine. The Marathon runner fears only stomach and leg cramps. His lungs and heart are unaffected by the monotonous dog trot once those organs have adapted themselves to a sustained jog. Marathon running is a game for age as well as youth. Clarence De Mar still wins Marathons though he is nearing fifty. Harry Parkinson, rejected by course stewards because of a flighty heart, enters the Boston Marathon without official sanction and always finishes.

Back in the bewhiskered 'eighties, before the human foot became atrophied from stepping on the gas, George Littlewood covered 631 miles in a six-day, go-as-you-please race on a tanbark track at Madison Square Garden! Those were the years when women swooned at the slightest provocation, yet Amy Howard ran 420 miles in six days around the same Garden ring.

The quarter mile is the most exhausting race on the track program, since a topnotcher must drive hard from gun to tape. It is virtually a sustained sprint. The 100-yard sprinter travels 60 yards on one breath, then inhales and finishes on his second breath. This event requires an explosive burst of energy, muscular and nervous, but it is not as punishing as the middle distance runs.

Now we come to sports which legalize assault and battery—football, wrestling, and boxing. While they are not as hard on wind or heart as rowing, hockey and lacrosse, they subject the contestant to direct physical violence.

The football player must toughen his whole body to withstand terrific shocks. Only a mathematician could compute in terms of foot-pounds the shock effect of a collision between two 190-pound bodies traveling at top speed. Repeated blocking and tackling saps stamina. Constant buffeting begets a cumulative exhaustion. Fortunately, the intermittent character of American football, punctuated as it is with time-out respites and breathing spells between scrimmages, compensates for the physical punishment absorbed. The ball is actually in play for less than fifteen minutes.

As a general rule, football players cannot "take it" in the prize ring. Conversely, boxers wilt beneath the type of mauling received on the gridiron. Jim Coffey's classic exclamation, "Why, this game is murder!" reflects the prize fighter's attitude toward football.

Wrestling, when not hippodromed to give spectators a thrill, is terribly punishing — actually approximating medieval torture. Aside from the exhaustion engendered in breaking and clamping on holds, the element of pain drains vitality.

Water polo, in Wandle's opinion, is akin to suicide for immature boys. The rules permit a player to be held under water as long as he is in possession of the ball. Such immersion tends to cause heart lesions.

Whew! What do you say to a quiet game of bridge?

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# ▶▶ Ward Bosses of Fascism ◀◀

## *An Inside View of Mussolini's Machine*

*By* GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

MUSSOLINI is a hard-working man. His magnetism inspired many patriotic Italians to give the best that was in them. Yet who can believe that Mussolini attends to every important detail in political and social life, or that only public officials do this for him? While he has learned to depend more and more on the men who were in the civil and military service before the March on Rome, he has not freed himself from his early supporters, who have made themselves the ward bosses of Fascism.

Mussolini's close associates on the *Popolo D'Italia* abandoned the Syndicalist Socialist Party to follow him. Bianchi, Lenzillo, Cesarino Rossi, Rossoni and Rocca constituted at first the core of the new party, their minds unchanged, believing then as they do now in direct, revolutionary action, as opposed to any progressive change or reform. Mussolini was one of them. They knew him from old, and understood his temperament as no other Fascists did. With Devecchi, Finzi and a few others, they expected to see their friend and leader remain at a standstill, as they did themselves, distributing the plums of office among them exclusively. Then each of them would become a feudal lord, doling out patronage and bounty to his own satellites. A few have since adapted themselves to the new régime; others like Rossi and Rocca have fallen from grace. Many Fascist leaders have joined later, men of the same type, who have known how to make themselves indispensable.

Meanwhile Mussolini was advancing. His intelligence quickly showed him the need to reconcile as many Italians as possible to his régime. Nationalists, Conservatives, men of business, clergy, seasoned soldiers and town leaders flocked to his banner, each one hoping that his pet ambition or particular brand of politics would thereby be fostered. Mussolini needed them all. Rejecting no voluntary worker, he began to realize that he could better navigate the ship of state without the constant presence at his elbow of his ex-colleagues who did not always evince the respect now due him. He appointed them to good offices and grew away from them.

Some, like Giunta, understood the need of the hour and changed their attitude towards him, doing their appointed work to the best of their abilities, thankful for whatever power accrued to them. Others revolted. Egged on by the editor of a politico-financial newspaper, Carlo Bazzi, they formed a group of their own and selected for dummy leader Cesarino Rossi, then head of the Press Bureau at the Presidency of the Council of Ministers. Rossi, Bazzi, and their entourage, including Mussolini's own private secretary, made the most of their opportunities. They began from the

International

*General Balbo, the Italian air hero, one of the early ward bosses of Fascism*

first day to collect private papers and autographs of Mussolini to send out of the country by trusted messengers. I have the authority of Rossi and Bazzi themselves for this extraordinary statement. It seems that they are now shorn of every power for trouble making. They have shot their bolts, which fell in obscure places and left no traces. Many Italians had hoped that the liquidation of the Rossi affair would help end the ras system which has been the greatest curse of Fascism. It has not. Of course there are divergent opinions concerning the evils of the ras system. No one defends it, but some reckon it expedient. This term is applied to the activities of the local city, ward and town bosses. The term was borrowed from Abyssinia where it designated the feudal lords.

A certain amount of leadership is necessary in every state, city and village, but it was left to Fascismo to maintain a modern government by local tyranny. Prepared by the centuries during which many of the 9,000-odd cities of Italy had separate governments, when each municipality was a republic apart and parties vied for its possession, this is not altogether a new departure. While separatism or localism is a tradition, the present ras system is an innovation.

It was to be expected that Mussolini would be shy of the bureaucracy of Italy when he first assumed power. The public officials had served the previous régime; his was a revolution, a conquest of the state. Suspecting public servants *en masse*, he began early to plant his own representatives in every department. Available instruments were at hand. Friends waited to be rewarded. He appointed personal friends to watch over prefects and generals, mayors and company directors. These friends had helped him achieve his victory. They knew some of the unpleasant details of politics. They were not intellectuals, but Fascism never claimed to be an intellectual movement.

The conquest had been an expensive undertaking, for which money had been needed as well as men. The means of securing large funds were left to the discretion of a few men of the Duce's entourage, foremost among them his own brother, Arnaldo, and Cesarino Rossi himself. Financiers, industrialists, shipowners and wealthy noblemen were urged to contribute, on the double plea of the necessity to defeat Bolshevism, which was already on the wane in Italy in 1922, but which had threatened to destroy the value of their property, and on account of the possibility of deriving personal advantages from the new régime.

Apart from money in large sums, a more constant and steady flow of it was needed from the provinces. There were votes to be obtained, newspapers to be supported, information to be secured on every citizen of importance in the whole country. This could be obtained only from sources outside the state organism. The obvious way was to trust the leaders of the local branches of the young organization. Right there was the root of the evil planted in every town and village. While the inner clique of Arnaldo Mussolini, De Bono, Cesarino Rossi, Finzi, DeVecchi, Grandi and a few others, backed the big fortunes in Milan, Genoa, Florence or Turin, there was a steady provincial supply of money, information, and adhesions.

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The Duce had to trust some one. He and his friends relied naturally on the most eager, word-violent, go-getting local Fascists. Few questions were asked. Power was given to them in proportion to the results they obtained. It was occult and unchecked, and these men eventually erected a network over all Italy, threatening the lives and private possessions of every Italian, both in Italy and among emigrants in the most remote parts of the world. It would not do for the leader of a revolution to be too squeamish about his instruments. Mussolini purposely wears the blinkers of patriotism and genius.

THERE is little else in many of the ras but the basis of sordid passions. The men who were more violent, more ambitious, and more efficient felt that everything was permitted them for the good of the party. It was at this stage, immediately before the March on Rome and during the year that followed, that the ras made their dominations secure. Dino Grandi, who had previously written to a friend that he doubted whether Fascismo was a very serious affair, soon took a strangle-hold on Bologna, Farinacci on Cremona, Italo Balbo on Ferrara, the latter after a rather sordid bickering for terms which were eventually made public. A better man than these, Giunta, had already shown in Trieste that he could achieve results. The notorious ras, Garosi of Vecchiano, in the province of Pisa, had many imitators in small places.

Here is another instance which came to my own knowledge. In one very small town of Tuscany, two or three rascally youths formed a local Fascio, when they saw which way the wind was blowing, and began to issue orders to the local farmers and tradesmen, who had never given them a thought before. When a certain handmaster protested to the local carabiniers against the impudence of their requests, he was beaten and dosed with castor oil. His complaint reached Signor Giunta, then Secretary of the Fasci, and the local ruffians were dismissed. Multiply this case by hundreds and you have the system of ras. To be fair, I must admit that whenever such a case came to the knowledge of Mussolini, he dealt severely with the offenders. But most of the victims of the ras prefer to suffer, groan in private, and curse him for evils not altogether under his control.

Many of the ras sprang from their own native ground, while others were sent from headquarters, not natural bosses these, but grown to power, by favor of the master, in positions of great occult importance. When Mussolini realized the danger; it was too late. The ras had settled at the root of his government. The local ras supplies him with information on public officials, employers of labor, army officers, local priests and bishops, and assures an enthusiastic reception whenever he or his friends visit that particular stronghold. The two leading positions in local affairs belong to the Consul of the Militia, and the local Secretary of the Party. One of the two is assumed by the ras: a friend of his takes the other.

These ras are consequently as much hated and despised as the Duce is worshipped by the common people. The old saying of the Russian peasant has been revised in Italy. The mujik used to say, "The local officials are wicked, but the Czar is our holy father. If he knew, he would punish." So in Italy it is, "The ras is terrible; if only we could let the Duce know the truth, he would attend to the man."

No doubt Mussolini would like to, but he must allow some leeway to the men who give him the results he requires: Prefects, generals, university presidents, judges—all stand in fear and trembling of the local boss who can have them dismissed from their posts. As one consul of the militia told me, "We," meaning the new leaders of Fascism, "are not in this for our health." They sell the favors of Mussolini, the king's knightly orders and decorations, barter them for private bribes or public contributions to their political purses.

Sometimes two ras have fought for supremacy, and scandal has been uncovered. There is usually a killing accomplished in that case. There can be but one local boss in each town, as Dino Grandi eventually showed in Bologna. The only other way one ras can be disposed of is by stealth. There were some who woke up to find that the machines had passed into the hands of other men. Sometimes a man whom a ras had squeezed too unmercifully had been semi-officially informed that the squeezer had lost the ear of the Duce. As long as he retains that, however, he can practically work his own sweet will. Does a young man want a job, the local ras will have some one make a place for him. Editors will be made to pay double rates for articles by a friend of the ras. Judges will be informed that such a lawyer, friend of the ras, must win his cases, and clients will flock to him. Bankers are told what salary to pay some young protégé of the local tyrant. He will assess bankers, tradesmen and landowners. None dares disobey.

Of course, Mussolini has been able to destroy certain ras by luring them to Rome, or sending them out on missions, or to the colonies. But that is an expensive way. No man will give up a good chance at obtaining wealth and power for the sake of empty honors and political responsibility, especially since experience has taught the ras that once his weapon is taken away from him, he may soon be ousted from the position given him in exchange, and his only resource might be hasty emigration. There are ras, on the other hand, who have successfully outplayed even Mussolini, and retained their hold over their province or city, often by letting it be known that they had placed certain compromising documents in safety; others even by fighting openly to retain their hold.

THOSE who are persuaded that Fascism has done nothing but good in Italy should realize that it is impossible for any non-Fascist Italian to be sure of his possessions, his happiness, or his life. In one city, a foreign consul had been robbed twice in succession. He was informed by the police that nothing could be done, because the robbery was *probably* the work of certain local Fascists. He was powerless. Should he arrest them, provided he were able, he knew that eventually he would lose his breadwinning job. They would have him denounced as a subversive enemy of Fascism. It is not possible for every victim of the ras to appeal to Mussolini. The ras have their own men even in his cabinet.

The only consolation Italians find in the system is that the ras is by no means always a bad character. He is often the providence of his own city. When Gentile decided to suppress some universities, because he realized that there were too many—three of them almost within walking distance, Parma, Modena, and Bologna—he was visited by many local ras who informed him that he could suppress all the universities he liked, but not their own, since it brought money to the townsmen. Result, one more was created, at Bari. No matter how much of a local booster the ras is, however, the system is abominable. Yet it is not one that can be eradicated. These men have a good hold over their folk. They know the secrets of thousands of leading citizens; they have placed their friends in all the strategic positions. Moreover, they deliver the goods. They keep order, arrange political displays of enthusiasm, supply funds and information when required, and educate the youth along truly Fascist lines. If ever a revolution comes, most of them will be summarily dealt with, of course, and they know it. This probability is but an added incentive for them to back the present régime to the utmost of their energy.

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# The New Books

## Gaudier-Brzeska

"SAVAGE MESSIAH" by H. S. Ede (Knopf $5). In the early summer of nineteen-fifteen, a twenty-three-year-old sergeant in the French army was killed before Neuville St. Vaast. He was a sculptor whose work was already known and admired by a small but critical circle. One of these admirers, Mr. Ede, of the National Museum in London, has collected a number of Henri Gaudier's letters and the accounts of some first-hand impressions of Gaudier, and has used them as the heart of an interesting record of a young artist's life and character.

Gaudier, the son of plain folks from the neighborhood of Orleans, was destined for business. He was willing enough and industrious, but neither his excellent mind nor his beauty-loving heart were in business, and when, at eighteen, he met Sophie Brzeska in Paris, he had already begun to work seriously at drawing and sculpture. Brzeska was a Polish woman of thirty-eight, more than half mad already (she died in an asylum). By her own obviously unreliable account she had had a wretched childhood. She had been supporting herself for some years as a governess in Europe and America; and one shudders to think of the unfortunate children who had been entrusted to her. She and Gaudier became friends at once. Their relationship was a curious one. Inasmuch as Mr. Ede has been able to quote from none of Brzeska's letters, or to record any spoken words of hers except the few remembered by acquaintances, it is impossible to understand her influence and hold upon Gaudier. From the photograph reproduced, one sees that she had an unusual and sensitive beauty of face. Gaudier was in love with her, but her feeling for him appears to have been compounded of maternal devotion and passionate jealousy. Prevented by some psychic barrier from being lovers, Gaudier and Brzeska spent four turbulent years together. They moved to London soon after they met, and there Gaudier came in touch with a few men who could appreciate his work and encourage him with small commissions. He and Brzeska (he added her name to his own) lived in sordid poverty. The casual reader is inclined to feel that Brzeska's influence must have been unfortunate. But Gaudier evidently found her the chief source of his inspiration. And, judging from his letters, first and last, one would say that he lived and died with far less sense of frustration than is the experience of most artists.

Gaudier's letters are very interesting. They reveal a serious and supple mind, a wide range of vision, and great strength of purpose. His character, indeed, as it appears in this record, belies the weak and potentially vicious face of the photograph, as it does the name "Savage Messiah" which some friend gave. Gaudier seems to have had less of the messianic urge than most artists, and there is no hint of savagery. He could be angry: a letter to a French friend who had urged him to return to France for his military service, and one, never mailed, to Middleton Murry, expressing the Gaudier and Brzeska hatred and distrust of Katherine Mansfield, are hot with anger and scorn. But fundamentally he appears to have been gentle, eager, childlike, absorbed in his work and glad to play when it was done. Whereas Brzeska was morose, "too violent" as Katherine Mansfield said, and everlastingly concerned with her own feelings. She wrote at a novel which was to be part of a trilogy, but one receives no hint as to her ability and, if it had not been for her meeting with Gaudier, her name would not have outlived her. In one's sympathy for Gaudier, one forgets to give Brzeska the pity that the insane inspire.

*Savage Messiah* is illustrated by photographs of Gaudier's strong, free work. That work, in spite of exhibitions, is little known. Readers of *Savage Messiah* will find it a striking picture of Bohemian life, and an illuminating exposition of an artist's mind and heart.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

## *Most Discussed Books*

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

### Fiction

**Grand Hotel,** by Vicki Baum: Doubleday Doran. A fine translation of a German novel, the dramatization of which is Broadway's favored child. Reviewed January 7.

**Reader, I Married Him,** by Anne Green: Dutton. Another delightful novel by the author of **The Selbys.** Reviewed February 18.

**Back Street,** by Fannie Hurst: Cosmopolitan. Striking characterizations and heavy sob-stuff in a dramatic story of a rich man's faithful mistress. Reviewed January 28.

**The Sophisticates,** by Gertrude Atherton: Liveright. A sharp and clever picture of a group of sophisticates but a novel unworthy of Mrs. Atherton's powers. Reviewed March 11.

**The Bridge of Desire,** by Warwick Deeping: McBride. A performance of painted, wooden figures. Surely not one of Mr. Deeping's best.

### Non-Fiction

**Hard Lines,** by Ogden Nash: Simon & Schuster. Riotous light verse, much of which has appeared in the New Yorker. Reviewed January 28.

**Education of a Princess,** by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

**Boners,** by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A sparkling little book of amusing mistakes. Reviewed March 11.

**Lincoln the Man,** by Edgar Lee Masters: Dodd, Mead. A partisan rather than judicial biography. Reviewed February 18.

**The Science of Life,** by Wells, Huxley and Wells: Doubleday, Doran. Science and its relation to life in two volumes. Reviewed February 4.

## The Week's Reading

"THE Good Earth" by Pearl S. Buck (John Day $2.50). A born story-teller is the shortest description that can be applied to the authoress of *The Good Earth.* This means to your reviewer a person who has a sense of a life moving steadily forward, rich in detail and varied and of character developing through action. There are, among our contemporary novelists, few who have a long tale to tell and who tell it in complete detail without a drop in interest. Mrs. Buck is such a one. Her second novel (like her first) is a story of China, of a Chinese farmer who becomes a wealthy land owner and founds a family. But remote as the scene is, there is no sense of remoteness in the characters. The reader forgets that he is following with eager interest the life of a man on the other side of the world, that he is watching scenes exotic and strange. Wang Lung is every man who loves the good earth; every man who works and weds and begets and loves his old father and is proud of his young sons, and is for a while ensnared by the strange woman and is restored again by his land, saves and builds and endures and plans and grieves and grows old. We see Wang Lung first on his wedding day when he goes to the Great House of the town to fetch away one of the kitchen slaves for his wife. A good and brave and capable woman is O-lan. She helps Wang Lung to save for the land. Even in the famine years she keeps things going. But after a while, when there are five children, Wang Lung brings home a second wife, this time from the Sea House. O-lan's savings go to buy her. Lotus makes trouble, but not too much, because the land defeats her. It is only after O-lan is dead that Wang Lung's triumph comes; then he is able to buy the Great House himself and to move his children and their children into it. There is still the revolution to go through with, but that, too, passes

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*By Halidé Edib*

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and leaves the land safe. And at last Wang Lung is an old man, as his father was before him, and when he tells his sons—scholars, now, merchants—to keep the land, he cannot see them grin at each other over his bowed head. *The Good Earth* is a novel which can be reread—not such a common thing. Your reviewer is not much given to finding comparisons between writers, but Pearl Buck in her oriental setting works much as Dorothy Canfield does in her western one. There is simple dignity of style, easy flow of narrative, firmness of character drawing, above all wealth of detail in *The Good Earth*, detail which builds up solidly and securely a scene in which men and women move and grow and meet and act upon one another as in life.—F. L. R.

"MASTER of Manhattan" by Lothrop Stoddard (Longmans $3.50). Thirty years ago, when Boss Croker's power was broken, he remarked, "A change is a good thing sometimes; but Tammany Hall will be here when we are all gone." It is instructive to review in Mr. Stoddard's narrative the Tammany of old and compare it with the Tammany of today. We still have the "rake-off," the trading of offices, and, in view of this year's charges that magistrates degrade their offices and the police levy blackmail on prostitutes, New York has not yet emerged from evil. But the grossness and the coarseness of the compact between vice and politics are not as evident as in Croker's days. Then, "honest graft" was openly admitted; then, Croker had the gall to order Chauncey Depew to abstain from nominating Roosevelt as candidate for governor under penalty of injury to the Central Railroad—a threat promptly resented and furtively withdrawn; then, one of his followers said, "Croker is Boss on the understanding that New York is to be open and that Tammany is to get the benefit of the police graft. If he should go back on his promises to the boys, he couldn't remain Boss a week." In the city he was supreme, but in the state he had an able opponent who drifted into politics through the corner drug store as Croker drifted in through the corner saloon. Platt was highly moral (Roosevelt said that he could not find in Platt "any tastes at all except for politics, and on rare occasions for a very dry theology wholly divorced from moral implications"), while Croker was a race-horse man (his supreme moment was probably that in which he won the English Derby at Epsom). Croker's ignorance, Mr. Stoddard points out, was sublime as to national affairs and colossal as to the ideas and culture of his times. But he knew, and all but owned, New York. Mr. Stoddard has told the disgraceful record of the rule of Croker with pungency and vigor.

"THE Dukes of Buckingham: Playboys of the Stuart World" by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (Brentano's $3.75). Neither of these two dukes brought to his Stuart king success in war or wisdom in policy. But they were forever in the public eye. They were in turns loved, hated, admired, ridiculed, but always conspicuous. The first duke, accepted as a favorite by James I after the downfall of Somerset, has a tradition of romance because of his passion for the French Queen, Anne of Austria—an intrigue of which Dumas made use in fiction. But he was a total failure as a war leader, and his one great service to Parliament was his abandonment of his own plan to marry Prince Charles (later Charles I) to the Spanish Infanta. He was arrogant, buoyant, prodigal, plastered with diamonds, gay and a striking personality. His son, the second duke, was less brilliant but more accomplished. He was a member of the famous Cabal in Charles II's reign. Dryden's lines about him are scathing:

> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by starts and nothing long;
> But in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.

Mr. Coffin has made a good story out of these two remarkable, notorious, chiefly worthless, flitting stars of the Stuart decadence. —R. D. T.

"THE Aristocratic Journey," edited and with a preface by Dame Una Pope-Hennessy (Putnam $5). The subtitle of this delightful book is "The Outspoken Letters of Mrs. Basil Hall written during a Fourteen Months' Sojourn in America, 1827-1828." Mrs. Hall and her husband, of a distinguished Scottish family, their five-year-old daughter and her nurse, Mrs. Cowrie, a treasure except that she suffered from seasickness, came to America in 1827, armed with more than a hundred letters of introduction, and spent more than a year traveling in the country. They came only to look; though Captain Hall wrote a book about his journey. Mrs. Hall wrote only letters. Those which were addressed to her sister make up this volume. They are frank, detailed, gossipy, thoroughly feminine, and we

*(Please Turn to Page 410)*

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# Beyond Psychology

## *When Science Meets Religion*

THOSE who consider it unscientific to believe there is something in life beyond forms of matter which can be communicated through the five senses will feel that Sir Oliver Lodge has entered the field of mysticism again in his new book, *Beyond Physics* (Greenberg). But those who regard evolution as more than an automatic self-sufficient process, backed by a few molecules, will find in this little brochure, with its sub-title The Idealization of Mechanism, a concise credo in place of the somewhat hazy speculation which usually enshrouds the discussion of mind and matter.

Close examination of the brain will not explain thought, says Lodge, though it will show us the mechanism by which thought is reproduced in perceptible matter form. Neither will examination of the instruments of an orchestra, or the strings of a piano, yield a symphony or sonata.

Even if we could see the molecular processes going on in a brain, the rhythm would be interesting, but we should not be any more enlightened than if we merely witnessed the movements of conductor and violinists in an orchestra. The nature of the process which brings life into something previously inanimate, the power behind form, is a subject modern thinkers like Jeans in astronomy, Eddington and Whitehead in physics, Myers in biology, Scott Haldane in physiology, and McDougall in psychology are seeking to understand. In contrast to old mechanistic and materialistic ideas, these points of view in different fields "are converging on some kind of guidance, some kind of mental activity, some kind of organizing power, in some rational and predetermining influence, not only in the works of man, where it is conspicuous, but in the works of nature, too."

To these researches, the particular contribution of Sir Oliver Lodge is a rather technical explanation of how waves of energy in the ether of space are used as the physical instrument of this directing and organizing tendency, which some call mind or life, and others call God.

No matter how much we desire to simplify psychology, by defining its boundaries, the fact remains that man is something more than a machine, and any profound study of his life and thought brings us to some borderland of the unseen. Sir Oliver Lodge would seek an answer in the new physics; Alice Bailey turns to the wisdom of the Orient in *The Soul and Its Mechanism—The Problem of Psychology* (Lucis). Lest one distrust an exposition of Eastern thought in terms of Western psychology, we hasten to say that this is an unusual book. Mrs. Bailey is familiar with modern scientific literature. She is aware of experimental psychology and behaviorism, yet she knows the thought of mystics and introspectionists. It is her belief that the materialistic and mechanistic psychology of the West, concerned primarily with the structure which man uses, and the comprehension, so familiar in the East, of the energy or spirit with which man animates and directs his structure, might be united. Out of this fusion, she suggests, would emerge a new and better balanced outlook on life. A chapter on The Glands and Human Behavior is an excellent presentation of the whole subject of the glands, their functions and their relation to personality. An original contribution to the subject is the comparison Mrs. Bailey makes between the Western study of glands and the Eastern study of "centers." Occidental psychologists state that a man is what his glands make him, and he is no better or worse than his endocrine system. The Oriental philosopher, with his seven centers of force, corresponding to the glands, holds that these are only outer symbols, the visible, material aspect of a far greater and more intricate system. They are determined by the character of the soul life which plays through them, and the soul which controls and dominates all.

Almost a quarter of a century ago, *Religion and Medicine*, by Dr. McComb, Dr. Coriat and the Reverend Elwood Worcester, came as a pathfinder in the newly discovered field of the psychology of the unconscious mind. Those who objected to the religious bias of the book could skip the sections on applied religion and profit by its clear explanation of methods of mental healing used at Emmanuel Church in Boston. Now, after twenty-three years of practical work, a second book appears, *Body, Mind and Spirit*, by Elwood Worcester and Samuel McComb (Marshall Jones). And this has the same advantage, for the sections on psychological therapy are quite separate from those which interpret the religious philosophy back of work which has long since outgrown a single parish and is established as a center of applied psychology, known as the Craigie Foundation, Boston.

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FLORENCE GUY SEABURY.

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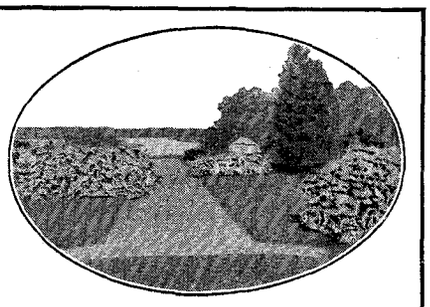

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## The Week's Reading

*(Continued from Page 408)*

have read nothing in weeks that has entertained us so much. The Halls landed in New York, proceeded to Albany, Niagara Falls, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Pittsburgh, Louisville, Savannah, New Orleans and more other towns than we can remember. They met every one who was worth meeting, the President and Mrs. John Quincy Adams, the Daniel Websters, Aaron Burr, Governor and Mrs. Clinton and all sorts of less illustrious folks. But Mrs. Hall was not convinced either when she arrived or when she left that *any* American was worth meeting. She found them a lot of boors (indeed their manners do sound awful), and she fell upon any British neck that she met with shouts of joy. The conditions of travel, construction, lighting and furnishing of houses, the cooking and catering and clothes are somewhat different from what they were in Mrs. Hall's day; and nowadays she could hardly write of a socially inacceptable couple, that "the constant reproach upon them is that they stand for nothing but their wealth." But some of her comments are still apt—the want of address in conversation, the absence of laughter, the fact that "the people are so extremely locomotive in their habits that they seldom remain longer than a year in a house." Her remarks on particular towns and people, some of whose descendants are still living in those towns, are so vehement that we can imagine this book being passed about in many houses, with chuckles from the flippant and snorts from the worthy. Mrs. Hall was impressed by the natural beauty of America. "All my epithets of admiration are completely worn out in this country"—but not by the climate—"The Americans have no sort of right to talk of their climate as being good"—(Hear! Hear!). Driving from Newark she found "the road all along—lined with weeping willows and acacia trees covered with flowers." Near Natchez an old Spanish fort seen from the river boat reminded her that Chateaubriand had lately published a novel of which it was the scene. (And how many Natchezians knew that?) Mrs. Hall preferred the free to the slave states, except just after having eaten a fine dinner in Georgia, and she found the Bluegrass country like England. Reading these delightfully unflattering letters one is surprised to find how many visits to alms houses, prisons, and asylums the Halls managed to sandwich in between their calls and parties. This seems a curious interest for light-hearted travelers until one remembers that the Halls lived at the time when humanitarianism and social reform were new and fashionable topics.

"ORANGE VALLEY" by Howard Baker (Coward-McCann $2). The San Joaquin Valley of California is the scene of this family novel. The story has to do with the labors of pioneer families from the East, the Swansons particularly, whose work turned the desert valley into a great fruit country. Charles and Juliana Swanson and their mother are followed through five or six years of life, the children growing from youth into the responsibilies and problems of maturity. The novel is sober and careful, rather than brilliant. Your reviewer found the picture of the desert country and of fruit ranching more interesting than the study, intelligent as it is, of personal relations. From the point of view of direction and style, *Orange Valley* is above the average of first novels.

F. L. R.

## Behind the Blurbs

FROM the Seventeenth Century German settings of his previous stories, George Preedy has turned to the Scotch Border for the background of *Tumult in the North*[1], against which the Earl of Langley and his brother, Harry Lovell, unwilling leaders in the rising that ended so disastrously at Preston, and three women, Blanche, Belle and Elisa, work out their complicated and tragic fates. What we like about these novels is that both causes and characters are carefully drawn. The average historical novel is just a good yarn, tinged with some reflected color from the crudely painted and badly blurred historical back-drop before which they are played, or else a confused pageant of historical scenes without much human interest. In the stories of Preedy's, the background is an integral part of the show, properly subordinated to the play of character. ☘ ☘ ☘ March book club choices: Pearl S. Buck's *The Good Earth*—Book-of-the-Month Club; H. S. Ede's *Savage Messiah*—Literary Guild; Henrietta Leslie's *Mrs. Fischer's War*—Book League; *Body, Mind and Spirit* by Worcester and McComb—Religious Book Club; the Rev. Edmund Walsh's *The Last Stand*—Catholic Book Club; William P. Montague's *Belief Unbound*—Freethought Book Club. ☘ ☘ ☘ It seems there was a reporter named John Kymmerly, and a sob sister named Dawn. Then Dr. Cartwright was found dead (murdered?) and Mrs. Thompson's half-witted boy, Sandy, was missing, and there was a mystery about two jade green cats (see title, *The Jade Green Cats*[2]) which were perhaps something more than ornaments. And Prof. Bothwell and wife acted rather queer, and how about Meisterberg, who wore a fur coat in the summer time? All the elements, you see, and completely handled, too. Good sound goods, about 25% cotton, but that's not bad these days. ☘ ☘ ☘ In *The Incredible Yanqui*[3] one finds the story of Lee Christmas, the roistering soldier of fortune who for some 25 years went merrily up and down Central America, fighting, carousing and pushing over governments. He went from engine driver to general in one swift swoop, in which he paused only long enough to attach to himself another wife. From then on his career was what you might call practically continuous. The author dissolves some of the amazing legends that have crystallized around Christmas' name, but the real story is extraordinary enough, and makes quick reading.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Dodd Mead, $2.00.
2. By Eleanor A. Blake: McBride, $2.00.
3. Longmans, $3.50.

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# ▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

*By* OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

IT REALLY isn't much fun panning plays. I've never met a critic over the age of sixteen (I don't know Mr. George Jean Nathan) who wouldn't rather write pleasant things about a show, if pleasant things about it there were, in spite of the fact that wise-cracking disparagement is far easier to pen than persuasive reasons why a reader *should* go to the play in question. We all realize that in every production, however amateurish it may seem, somebody's perfectly good money has been spent and that author, producer and actors have all done a lot of hard work. It is only rarely that anybody in the theatre does bad work purposely. With this realization constantly in our minds I think most of you will agree that we dramatic reporters had a tough time of it, too, those three weeks before the play, events of which I am about to chronicle. Leaving *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* out of it, I'll bet if you got the producers of all those other things together and asked them to name one other good show that was produced in that period there would be a tie. Each *opus* would get one vote.

## Recommended Current Shows

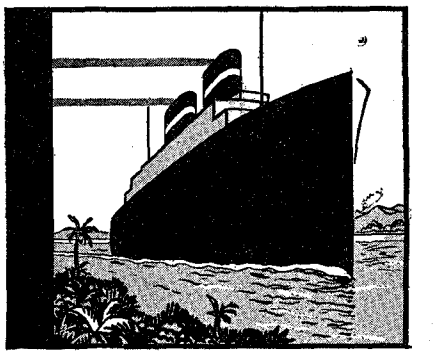
**Civic Repertory:** Moliere's **Would Be Gentleman** has reappeared in the repertory.
**Fine and Dandy:** Just so long as you don't expect Joe Cook to make sense.
**Five Star Final:** Suicide of Vivian Gordon's daughter proves this bitter attack on tabloids no whit overdrawn.
**Girl Crazy:** The best songs in town played and sung as they should be.
**Grand Hotel:** Good actors meet fat melodramatic parts.
**Mrs. Moonlight:** If you want a good cry.
**Oh, Promise Me:** Lee Tracy's out of it but it's probably still broadly funny.
**Once in a Lifetime:** Hollywood exposed to properly bitter kidding.
**On the Spot:** Edgar Wallace's entertaining play about gangsters.
**Philip Goes Forth:** Good small town characters in a wabbly plot.
**Private Lives:** In which Noel Coward achieves perfection in light comedy.
**Sweet and Low:** Funny, if often coarse, revue with Fannie Brice and Jim Barton.
**The Barretts of Wimpole Street:** Katharine Cornell at her best in a literately scandalous play.
**The Green Pastures:** You *must* know all about this by now!
**Tomorrow and Tomorrow:** Sensitive, searching drama superlatively well acted.
**Vinegar Tree:** Gay farce about imaginary infidelities of Mary Boland.

Last week, however, things took a definite turn for the better. It did start with something called *Greater Love,* which is deservedly off already, but Tuesday's offering, *Privilege Car,* began the return to normalcy (See, I'm just an idealist; I *expect* good plays) by giving us what looked to the inexperienced in such matters some accurately observed types which are to be found working in a circus. The odd characters were conceivable human beings. A privilege car, in case you didn't know either, is the car attached to a circus train where the performers and the operators eat and lounge. The play, *Privilege Car,* is the work of Edward J. Foran, a circus man himself, and Willard Keefe, of varied experience on Broadway. It suffers from too much mixed incident and material, the lack of an actor of sufficient personality and skill to give it unity and confused direction.

*Give Me Yesterday,* A. A. Milne's play called in London and, until just before production here, *Success,* is a fine example of what intelligent pains taken with a slender play can do. Mr. Charles Hopkins has again given us a sensitive and sympathetic production of a manuscript that in anybody's hands but his would stand faint chance of survival. In fact, it lasted just a fortnight in London. The theme is of a self-made English politician who longs for the girl of his simple youth whom he allowed to marry some one else while he was busy making good. He tries to go back to her and finds that he cannot escape from the toils of his political eminence. I am frankly prejudiced against actors like Louis Calhern who make every move *such* a handsome picture, but Sylvia Field is charmingly wistful. Much of the second act is a typical Milne dream scene which I was made to like in spite of myself by three delightful stage children who have such a good time without being cute that I had nearly as much fun as they do.

For the first two acts, at least, Miss Rachel Crothers' new comedy, *As Husbands Go,* is great sport. She has gorgeous and, at the same time, not unkindly fun at the expense of the American women and their recently acquired European culture. For once we have, as the English prospective home-wrecker, a young man who can dance, make love, write poetry, likes to fish and drink and is "regular fellow" enough to leave when he sees what a great guy the husband is. Very refreshing! The author has directed herself *As Husbands Go* with her customary skill. Acting honors go to Catharine Doucet and Jay Fassett in leading parts and to a very elongated man, Robert Foulk, who has a sense of comedy in proportion to his height. *As Husbands Go* is definitely to be recommended in spite of a third act in which the author gets just a bit serious.


Get off Main street



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# Music

## *Notable New Recordings*

I WONDER what Victor Herbert, if the waves of radio and phonographic sound penetrate to the Elysian Fields, thinks of it all. While he was with us he could hardly complain of neglect, as his compositions were certainly widely performed, but it is surely due to radio that his posthumous fame has attained its magnitude. I would be among the last to deny his gift of melody, his skill at orchestration and his ability to touch the hearts of multitudes. But those qualities were or are possessed by others of his contemporaries, notably Leo Fall, Oscar Strauss, Reginald de Koven and Franz Lehar. A horrid thought arises: have Herbert's publishers "sold him down the river" to the radio by means of some trick contract that calls for unusually small royalties? Whatever the cause, the constant repetition of *Kiss Me Again* and *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life* has turned out to be something of a boomerang which has made consideration of his better music difficult nowadays. Many of us are prejudiced in advance. Apparently, however, the Victor Company does not think it works that way entirely, for they have just issued a second album of the music of Victor Herbert over which they have evidently taken much care[1]. The artists are the Victor Salon Group and Orchestra, directed by Nathaniel Shilkret, and the five double-faced, twelve-inch disks include selections from *Eileen, The Only Girl, Princess Pat, Natoma* and other shows, as well as the orchestral *Pan Americana* and three shorter instrumental bits.

A strange coupling, or rather tripling, has been effected by Brunswick. On one side they give us the *Romance in F Minor* (which as a title is only beaten by Frankie Trumbauer's *For No Good Reason in C*) of Saint Saëns, for French horn and symphony orchestra, and on the other the *Gopak* from Moussorgsky's *The Fair at Sorotchinsk* with the last part of the same disk filled out with Rimsky-Korsakoff's *The Flight of the Bumble Bee!*[2] All three are played by the Lamoureux Orchestra under Albert Wolff—the *Bumble Bee* stunt especially well. That's variety for a small outlay.

Victor and Columbia respectively have been very quick to make repressings of the Karl Muck *Siegfried Idyll*[3] and Stravinsky's *Capriccio*[4] which I recently mentioned. *Please* don't miss the *Idyll!* O.C.-T.

1. Victor Muscial Masterpieces, C.11.
2. Brunswick, 90121.
3. Victor, 7381-2.
4. Columbia Masterworks, No. 152.

# ▶▶ The New Movies ◀◀

*By* CREIGHTON PEET

## ▶▶ *"Dishonored"*

ONLY Marlene Dietrich's extraordinary beauty and startling personality make this silly story about spies and counter spies worth a visit. *Dishonored* has everything from sleeping powders in the wine to messages written in a musical code and secret service officials who sit in laboratories surrounded by unlikely-looking test tubes and Bunsen burners. But it also has the alluring Miss Dietrich (known only as X27) and Lee Garmes' handsome and imaginative photography, and if you can overlook the more ancient bits of hokum you may well enjoy yourself. *Dishonored,* which is reminiscent of *Mata Hari,* was written by its director, Josef Von Sternberg, and all I can say is that he makes a terrible dramatist. Furthermore, in *Dishonored* this notable German director has given way to an orgy of the most exasperatingly slow "lap dissolves"—in which the scenes fade into one another so slowly that nearly a third of some of the shorter ones are blurred and ruined by a sort of visual hangover. There are times when this technique is of use, but in as trivial a film as *Dishonored* it is merely annoying.

With Miss Dietrich are Victor McLaglen, behaving very much as he did in *The Cock Eyed World,* and a beautiful black Persian cat which she takes everywhere with her in her spying. Mr. McLaglen is, of course, an enemy officer, and after encountering him a number of times she falls in love with him, lets him escape, and faces her own firing squad. Four or five more pictures as senseless as *Dishonored* and Miss Dietrich will be on her way back to Germany.

### Worth Seeing

**Cimarron:** Edna Ferber's novel of the wild and woolly days in Oklahoma done into a vivid and absorbing film.

**City Lights:** Charlie Chaplin is back, cane, derby, moustache, baggy pants and all.

**Honor Among Lovers:** Not much of a story but good performances by Frederic March and Claudette Colbert.

**Inspiration:** Greta Garbo — and what else matters?

**Rango:** Apes, monkeys and tigers as photographed by Schoedsack in Sumatra.

**Trader Horn:** Fantastic adventures in African jungles with Harry Carey and Edwina Booth.

## ▶▶ *"Kiki"*

I do not think that when Mary Pickford purses her lips in a coy pout and rolls her eyes Heavenward she is either funny, bewitching or entertaining. I am sure that when she screams and rages and runs madly about the room kicking people in the pants and being kicked in the pants, she is not only a bad actress and a dull performer, but an unwise one. Once the idol of millions, Miss Pickford's efforts to regain her popularity with a reincarnation into a 1931 model are somehow pitiful and indecent and will, I am afraid, speed the lady into oblivion. You remember about *Kiki*—the little Parisian madcap who nagged and raged and simpered her way into the heart of a great big, important theatrical producer? Sometimes she speaks English and sometimes she squeaks in pidgin-French—so you never know whether she's French or American. Mary Pickford, United Artists, director Sam Taylor, Will Hays, and the U. S. A. should all be heartily ashamed of *Kiki.*

## ▶▶ *"Unfaithful"*

Possibly I see too many movies about love every week, but the fact is that I couldn't get the slightest bit interested in Ruth Chatterton and her troubles in *Unfaithful.* A few more movies like this one and I'll be off love for life and go round snarling at people and popping little children over the head with gin bottles. What if Ruth Chatterton's husband *was* having an affair with her sister-in-law? What if she *did* let herself go in consequence, and play round with bohemians and sing low songs and shoot craps with sailors? Who cares?

## ▶▶ *Timorous Fox*

For the past year the Fox Movietone Newsreel Theatre in New York has been one of the few places in this country in which our apparently spineless population gave signs of an intelligent interest in the world about them. Shots of Mussolini, Mayor Thompson, dry senators and other notables were either applauded or hissed. Catcalls and loud "razzberries" were also heard. Now, *Variety* reports, Fox theatre managers have been ordered to cut from newsreels,

"Subjects of a controversial nature on prohibition.

"All subjects that may be construed as Bolshevist propaganda.

"All political speeches which take sides on matters of public interest.

"Scenes showing breadlines.

"Economic discussions on which patronage reaction may be divided."

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# Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

*By* W. R. BROOKS

WHETHER you transfer ashes from furnace to ash can in person or by proxy, the clouds of gray dust are an offense, and you can get rid of the greater part of them by getting an ash can cover we have seen. It fits any can, and has a little door that opens at the pressure of the shovel full of ashes and closes again automatically when the shovel is withdrawn.

SPEAKING of prohibition — oh, didn't anybody speak of prohibition?— well, anyway, there's an arrangement called Mantlbar, which looks like a fireplace, but by pulling and pushing here and there can be converted instantaneously into a complete bar, with brass rail and everything complete—even cards and poker chips, we are told, though what they have to do with a bar we don't quite know. Some people just won't take their drinking seriously.

THE Victor Company has got out a contrivance used in connection with radio and phonograph by means of which you can make your own home records. You can also make records of any radio programs that specially please you.

And another contraption that's said to be just loads of fun is a home microphone which you attach to your radio. Press the button and you cut off the regular program and can hide in a closet and make the killingest announcements that will set your guests off into perfect peals of merriment. A good way to get rid of the guest who stays too long would be to cut in this merry little gadget and announce that his house was burning or that his aunt had just died. It costs $7.50.

FOR the kitchen is a small incinerator which can be kept near or under the gas stove. It uses gas, radiates very little heat, and is connected by an ordinary stovepipe with the flue. Costs installed somewhere around $42.

Also for the kitchen, a chopping bowl cut out of a solid square block of wood, so that an inattentive chopper won't distribute the contents over herself and the floor. It's easy to clean.

CASH'S Woven Names, the little tags with your name on 'em in red that you sew on your garments so the laundry won't lose 'em, are now made with the laundry's own symbol in addition to the name. They cost no more this way, and the advantage is that your best napkins and towels don't come back with unsightly black numbers and letters stamped on them in indelible ink.

HANDY equipment for burglars is being sold at the five and ten these days. For five cents you can get a card to which are attached two master keys that, according to the legend, will fit a great many kinds of locks. We suppose burglars, like everybody else, have been hit by hard times, and this seems to us a very kindly and public-spirited move on Mr. Woolworth's part. We asked for jimmies and blackjacks, but found that they did not at present stock them.

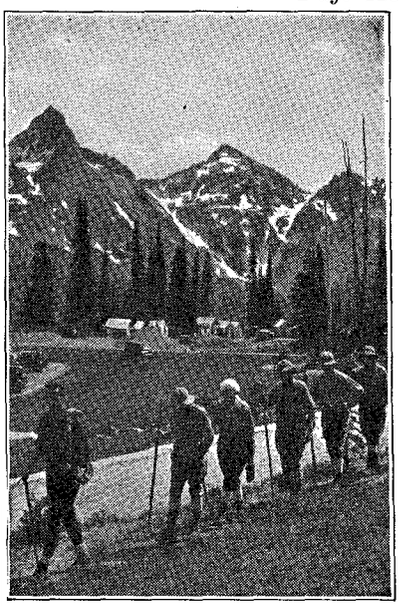
IF YOUR parties fall flat and people begin to leave by nine-thirty, buy a copy of Mental Whoopee, which isn't a book, but a collection of games. There are 24 sheets on each of the ten pads, and each pad is a different game. You give a pencil and a sheet to every guest and set them to work. The games are somewhat in the nature of intelligence tests, but then, all games are, anyway. And some of these are amusing.

IF IT interests you, we know where you can get your dog's eyebrows plucked and his teeth brushed. Or your cat dry cleaned. They say the cats don't mind— in fact, rather enjoy it. Not so the dogs, however. They are inclined to think all that sort of thing is sissified. We're with them there.

SALVO is a good game that we'd like to recommend to you. It's a game of naval warfare, played with a pencil on a sort of chart—but too complicated to describe at length. Risk a dollar for a set on our say-so.

THE Nancy Lincoln Guild, makers of quilted boudoir accessories, has a chaise longue coverlet with a pocket at the lower end into which you slip your feet so that the cover won't slip off, and so that said feet will be protected from draughts, zephyrs and breezes.

A SET of miniature house plants for a child to tend and watch grow is sold for $1.25. There is a box of six tiny flower pots with soil and seeds, a little glass hothouse cover for the pots, and a little watering can. You plant one at a time, water three times the first day and cover with the glass, then leave it alone for 48 hours and watch it flourish through the glass.

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# From the Life

*By* IBBY HALL

## *Growing Old*

ON HIS way to work that morning, the old man—(so they were beginning to call him the old man, were they?)—stopped once or twice to look up at the sun. He was very fond of the sun.

Maybe that was because there was so much of it in his own country. Born to it, in a way of speaking. Maybe it was because of his work; for the sun makes a great difference to a man who works along the tracks. He must like it so well that he will never mind in summer how it blisters and beats upon his back; nor forget to be grateful in the winter for every hour it struggles through the cold to warm him.

Or maybe—the old man shot a quick glance from under his shaggy eyebrows up and down the road and to right and left of him to make sure no one was looking to see his thoughts. Maybe, he thought to himself, cautiously and uneasily, he was growing old. His blood, which was once so hot and quick, was maybe slower now. For instance, he had noticed lately that where he used to take the sun without thinking, he felt it now like the touch of a familiar friend upon his arm. He recognized it and nodded his head.

It was the same way with the greenhouses. For he had reached the greenhouses now, and stopped. He remembered how he used to pass and whistle maybe for the pleasure of it. Now he stopped, each day a little longer. Today he looked at the flowers and they looked back at him, and as they stood there staring at each other he saw how bright the leaves were—how the air trembled just above the petals and seemed to be more clear, and beat with a strange color. Until he had a queer thought that he took good care to let nobody see. He thought he knew how it felt to be growing there, standing in earth and leaning upon the air.

And not only the flowers, thought the old man as he left the path and started towards the railroad. It might be the steel tracks running smooth and shining over the ties. He knew how they felt, looking at them, to lie there bitter in the cold and blazing in the sun and knowing their own power. He knew the shiver of the train far up the track, the strain and swing beneath the rushing weight, the tingle—slower—slower—and the quiet. And the same with stones or earth or falling snow, remembered the old man slowly; he had only to look at a thing and there he was resting in it, feeling of it as though everything had come to be a part of himself. It was a new feeling. For there was never anything like it in his hot-hearted, quietly moving youth. He would enjoy it, he would be happy in it, thought the old man, if he were not afraid that it was part of growing old.

When he started work that morning, seeing he was alone and well along up the track, he asked himself could that be it? Life was somehow catching up with him. He could see that he was slowing down. Maybe—was he getting old?

His muscles were as hard and quick as ever. Was it his brain, then, that was getting slow? He was well over sixty, yes, but he was young. Except for this strange feeling he was young. He lifted his eyes to the sun again with a sudden rush of gratitude for the mild winter. Men were lucky that the winter was not colder. So many men without work, especially the old! He shivered and bent closer to the track. If he should tell himself that he was old how could he hope to go on working?

But in spite of his fear of age he gave himself up once more to his new feeling as he worked. The sun upon his back, the wood and stone and steel beneath him, this was himself.

So much himself—that suddenly the train was on him. He raised his eyes and saw the great black engine and knew he was too late. He knew his body was too slow to clear the rails; he knew his mind had not moved fast enough.

But faster than all this he knew his only chance. And faster than he could think his body flung itself between the rails and saw the sun go out.

The blackness roared and rushed above his head, and then was gone. He lay there, tingling. And then quietly stood up and went on with his work.

At the hospital where they rushed him, protesting and resentful, the old man listened to the doctors.

"Not a scratch," said one in admiration. "Only his quick mind saved him," said another.

## Excess Prophets

*(Continued from Page 400)*

National City Bank, as of January 1, 1929: "Business is entering the New Year upon a high level of activity and with confidence in the continuance of prosperity. The rise of stocks during 1928 in the face of higher interest rates must be attributed to prevailing confidence that American business is destined to grow rapidly in volume and that the leading corporations will enjoy increasing prosperity."

But it was not until a short time before the catastrophe itself that the predicting business attained its most spectacular heights. And surely none of the star gazers could read from the financial planets more favorable signs than could Professor Irving Fisher, A.B., Ph.D., political economist of Yale University and holder of sixty-one lines in *Who's Who*.

Professor Fisher observed on September 5, 1929, that "stock prices are not too high and Wall Street will not experience anything like a crash. We are living in an age of increasing prosperity and consequently an age of increasing earning power of corporations and individuals."

Not satisfied with this shrewd analysis of the situation, the Yale economist delivered himself on October 15 of the following observation: "Stock prices have reached what looks like a permanently high plateau. I expect to see the stock market a good deal higher than it is today, within a few months."

That Professor Fisher's expectations were not realized was merely unfortunate. His calculations, however, were no more faulty than those which resulted in the revelation of feet of clay in another economic idol, Dr. Charles Amos Dice, Professor of Business Organization at Ohio State University and author of *New Levels in the Stock Market*. It was Dr. Dice who three days before Professor Fisher had forecast the "high plateau," earned a Nobel Prize for Over-Prediction by declaring: "The stock market will see bigger gains in the immediate future than it has experienced at any other period of its history and, except for minor fluctuations, the present high level of prices will be constant for years to come."

These "minor fluctuations" may have been those observed on the fatal October 29 and the even more fatal November 13 when the hordes of investors, who, in tune with the Pollyannaism of the times, had never lost their faith, suddenly awoke to the fact that they had lost their shirts.

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But panic, near-panic or what was more delicately referred to as "a readjustment of values" failed to take all of the wind out of prophetic sails. Undaunted by falling prices, the clairvoyants continued to pass on the glowing word. Even above the din of crashing prices could be heard, for instance, the heartening statement by John J. Raskob, sterling Democrat, that "prudent investors are now buying stocks in huge quantities and will profit handsomely when this hysteria is over and our people have opportunity in calmer moments to appreciate the great stability of business by reason of the sound fundamental economic conditions existing in this great country." He added that, in his opinion, the depression would last not more than two or three months.

Others who joined in the chorus of reassurance included men in high places.

## *Through a Glass Darkly*

**From The Trend of the Week in the Outlook of March 14, 1951**

Maria and Hubert Freelance, parents of six girls and one boy, were convicted in the New Orleans Federal District Court, for neglecting to apply the sex selection methods required by the Galton Balanced Population Act.

The net value of the estate of Isaiah B. Wise, late president of the Stock Market Sure-Shot Advisory Corporation, whose will was probated last week, was $114.83.

The Leningrad Shipbuilding Trust received an order Monday for an electric-driven yacht, to cost eleven million rubles, for delivery July 1, 1951, to Joseph Stalin, general secretary emeritus of the central committee of the Communist Party.

President Hoover, in his annual message to Congress, announced that he had "instituted systematic, voluntary measures of cooperation with business institutions and state and municipal authorities to make certain that fundamentally business of the country shall continue as usual, that wages and therefore consuming power shall not be reduced and that a special effort shall be made to expand construction work in order to assist in equalizing other deficits in employment. I am convinced that through these measures we have reestablished confidence."

A few days later, on December 31, 1929, Secretary Mellon took up the refrain as follows:

"I see nothing in the present situation that is either menacing or warrants pessimism. During the winter months there may be some slackness or unemploy-


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EXIT THE GOSPEL OF WORK *by* HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD
THESE DOWNTRODDEN MEN *by* ALICE D. KELLY
BANK FAILURES: The Problem and the Remedy, *by* J. M. DAIGER
A CORONATION IN ABYSSINIA *by* ELLEN N. LA MOTTE
DIDEROT: Homage to a Genius *by* HAROLD J. LASKI
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ment, but hardly more than at this season each year. I have every confidence that there will be a revival of activity in the spring and that during the coming year the country will make steady progress."

The convalescence was not as rapid as Dr. Mellon anticipated and, accordingly, it was up to Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, to make a new diagnosis. He obliged on May 28, 1930, with the statement that "a healthy revival of business by the end of the summer may be expected."

Of late, however, optimism among authorities has failed to send stock prices soaring. Some of the journalistic wits have made capital of the fact that the cheerier the forecast the sadder the market. Is it not logical to assume that the average investor is merely suffering from overconsumption of sparkling, intoxicating advice that ended in a devastating hangover and the resolution, however impermanent, never to touch the stuff again? As for myself, hereafter I'd just as soon consult the stars.

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# With Our Readers

## The Pope's Address

*To the Editor:* *Memphis, Tenn.*

SIR—Permit me to say the editorial, "The Pope's Address," page 287 of your February issue, is splendid in that it anticipates correctly the spirit of every informed American Catholic towards the propriety or impropriety of criticism, editorial or otherwise, of such addresses as may be broadcast from the Vatican station, by the Pope or any other person. The same applied to previous messages by other means. I am sure, upon inquiry of one entitled to speak, you will be informed that members of the Catholic Church have, themselves, the free right to criticise such addresses without risk of enmity of their fellows and that certainly non-members have the same right to do so without fear of resentment on the part of members of the church, so long as each criticism, however sharp, is fairly made.

Permit me also to say, as a layman of the church, that the conclusion you reached from the quoted sentence of the Pope's first radio address, regarding obedience to superiors, is drawn from an erroneous understanding of the teaching. I am sure the desire to be correct, so graciously expressed in your editorial, will lead you to seek the attitude of the church towards individual or collective resistance to authority. The conclusion you will draw from the correct one will be opposite to the one in your article.

T. C. POLLARD.

## Catholic Authority

*To the Editor:* *Cincinnati*

SIR—In glancing through your magazine of February 25, my attention was attracted to an editorial entitled "The Pope's Address." In the course of this article, you state that, due to the vast range covered by the radio and the use of it by the Pope, editorial comment and criticism upon his speeches cannot be neglected. I take it from this statement that you are broad-minded and yourself open to comment and criticism, and it is for this purpose that I am writing.

During the course of the above mentioned editorial, you quote an excerpt from the address which says in effect that whoever resists legitimate authority, thereby resists the dispositions of God. Then you proceed to interpret this as being a stand "which encourages oppression and discourages liberty and progress, whose history is very largely the history of resistance to legitimate authority." As a proof of your interpretation, you cite several revolutions, particularly those which took place recently in Latin-America. In this stand I think that you are sadly mistaken. The fault, as I see it, lies in your interpretation, or rather lack of interpretation, of the word "legitimate."

By legitimate authority, in the case of government, is meant authority that is exercised for the good of the people as a whole, in the name of justice. Taking your reference as an example, I wish to state that nine out of ten revolutions are brought about by tyrants or kings who rule unjustly for their own gain or for the gain of a few at the expense of the people as a whole. In addition to this people have a right (provided there is a reasonable chance for success) to rise up against an unjust government of this kind. Hence, revolutions are not caused by resistance to legitimate authority, but are rather the assumption of legitimate authority by the people as a weapon against a ruler or group of rulers who have forfeited it by their abuse of it.

This is and always has been, as far as I know, the attitude of Catholic philosophy toward the question, and, hence, to interpret it in any other way (as you have done in your editorial) would be a gross mistake. Evidently you are not very well acquainted with the attitude of Catholic philosophers in regard to authority, legitimate and otherwise, and our obedience to it.

GRIFFIN MURPHY.

## A Master of Imagery

*To the Editor:* *Oklahoma City*

SIR—The February 11th issue of your excellent magazine carried a very interesting article of Earl Sparling entitled "Oklahoma Oil Hells." I desire to congratulate you on obtaining the services of a gentleman with such a fertile and powerful imagination. Doubtless he is a close student and disciple of both DeQuincey and Poe. However, his talents are apparently of a greater order than those of either DeQuincey or Poe, since Mr. Sparling requires the aid neither of opium nor alcohol to quicken his imagination. As far as my limited reading permits I would say that Mr. Sparling is the modern prose master of imagery and fancy.

SOLON W. SMITH.

## Defending Mme. Blavatsky

*To the Editor:* *Inglewood, Calif.*

SIR—During the past few months I have read your magazine with interest and pleasure. Aside from the fact that the articles printed are not always free from the biased opinions of their writers, your policy seems to be to face the truth whether or not such a stand opposes or upholds commonly accepted viewpoints. In a recent issue, that of February 11, 1931, a popular opinion is stated in a book review called "Bride of Heaven" which is without sufficient foundation. Either with entire disregard of known facts or from ignorance of a subject upon which, nevertheless, the critic speaks authoritatively, she calls Madame H. P. Blavatsky a "notorious occultist" whose influence over Mrs. Besant constituted a "step-down" for the latter. The term applied to Madame Blavatsky was most unfortunately chosen. Like every great humanitarian, she sacrificed herself and her fortune in the cause of humanity. And like every great figure who has been sincerely devoted to the good of mankind, she attracted the mud-slingers who recognize superiority by attempting to blacken that which shows up their own inferiority.

During her lifetime Madame Blavatsky suffered many attacks on her work and character, yet she continued in her attempt to "break the molds of men's minds," especially those of dogmatic religion and materialistic science. Today dogmatic religion is fast crumbling, and materialistic science is beginning to find out what she, in 1875, declared to be the true nature of force and matter, *i.e.* that their basis is the same and is of an electrical nature. But, in spite of the common acceptance today of many of her teachings, one still hears the same old charges made that she was a "notorious" woman exceedingly clever in perpetrating "frauds" and "fraudulent" doctrine on a credulous public. In 1890 every charge made against her was made directly in the columns of the New York *Sun*, then one of the largest and most influential papers in America. Madame Blavatsky brought action for libel. The case was delayed in court until after her death, when Mr. Judge, who was indirectly involved, carried it on in order to clear her good name and that of her followers. Finally, on September 26, 1892, the *Sun* retracted its statements, declared in an editorial that they were without foundation, and voluntarily published a tribute to the life and character of H. P. Blavatsky. After trying to prove its charges, the *Sun* had completely reversed its position.

DOROTHY M. AMERMAN.

## War Without Veterans

*To the Editor:* *New York*

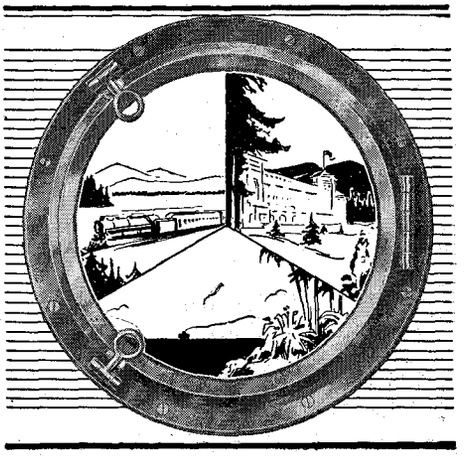
SIR—The Act of Congress authorizing the National Draft in June, 1917, in principle and we hope in practice, was an extremely fair method of securing a representative cross-section of American manhood for war service, regardless of color, creed, or social and financial status. Those of the National Army, National Guard and the Regular Military and Naval forces who returned from France or are alive today constitute our existing "veterans."

Two editorials appeared in recent issues of your magazine entitled "More Pie for the Veterans" and "Cashing the Bonuses." After reading these editorials, 1917 seems far away and I received the impression that one of the most unfortunate results of war is "veterans." Possibly some bright chap will come along later and produce a war which permits no surplus veterans.

So even though I will be a candidate for a veteranship in our next unpleasantness, and I could, I suppose, now cash my bonus and use a portion of it to renew my subscription to your magazine. I prefer, due to the hard times and your opinion of veterans, to "wangle" along without some of the luxuries of life, including your magazine.

H. CASE WILLCOX.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



### Vacation Plans

Coastwise voyages, such as to Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, New England, New Orleans, or along the California Coast and up towards Alaska. ¶ Voyages to Bermuda . . . West Indies . . . Havana . . . Panama, and the East or West Coast of South America. ¶ Transcontinental trips to National Parks or Mountain Resorts. ¶ Shorter sails down the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. ¶ Sailings to European Ports or Round the World. ¶ The Outlook Travel Bureau makes no charge for suggestions, just write to Mrs. Kirkland, *director,* on these or any other plans.

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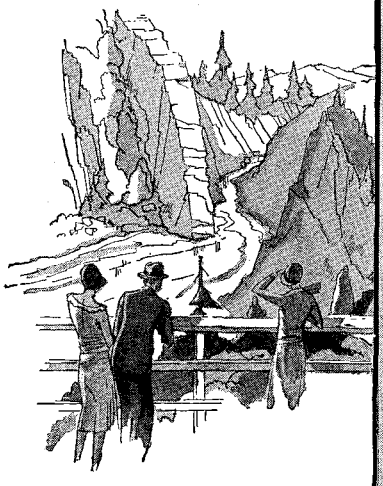
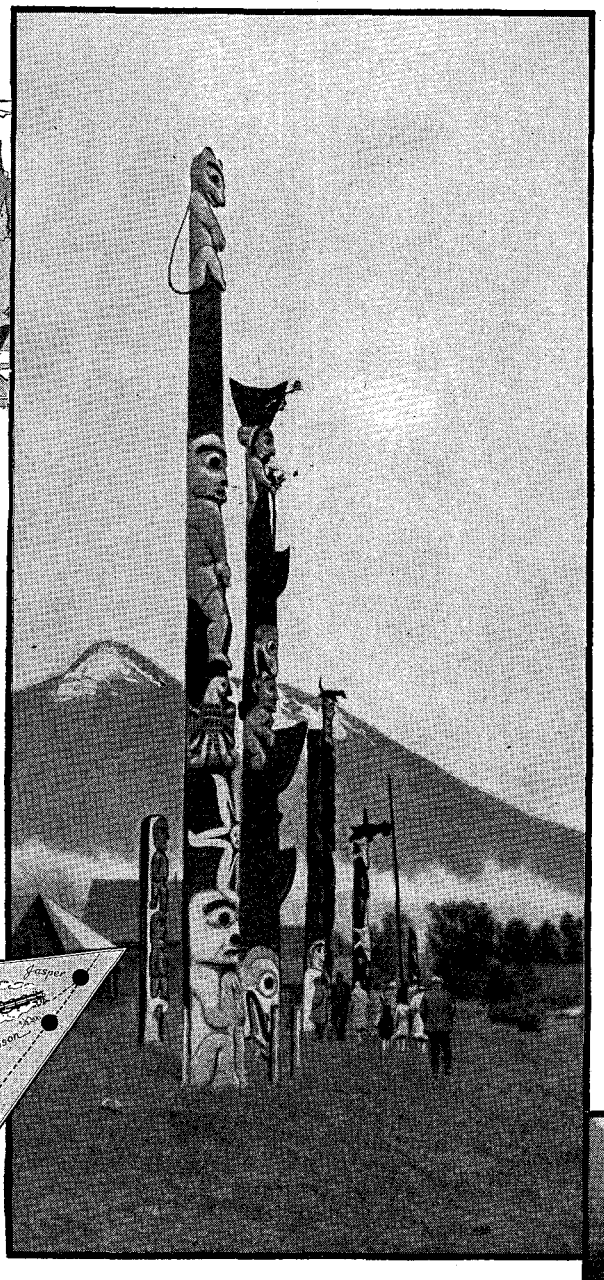
# The famous 5 day TRIANGLE TOUR of the Canadian Rockies

## and KITWANGA strange land of the Totem



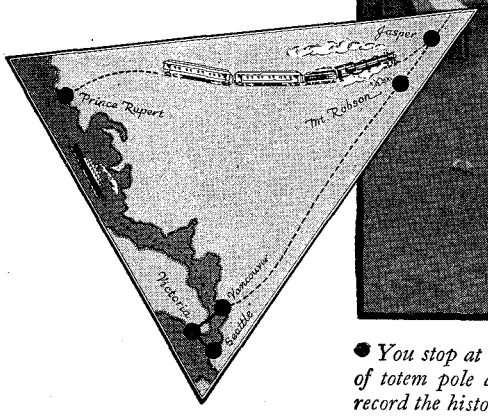


HERE is a trip through the scenic heart of the Canadian Rockies—and a 600-mile ocean voyage through the famous Inside Passage where the mountains, themselves, come down to the sea.

See Mt. Robson, armoured giant of the Canadian Rockies... visit Jasper National Park—golf on its famous championship course—ride over mountain-trails. Travel on to Kitwanga—strange land of totem poles, and the famous "River of Clouds." Cruise from Prince Rupert, through the fjords of the Pacific Coast, to Vancouver—returning to Jasper by rail along the roaring Fraser and Thompson River Gorges. Or reverse the order and start at Vancouver to climax with the wonders of Jasper. Visit or write the nearest Canadian National office for complete information.

Free—to your club or to your church—a choice of 50 motion picture travel-stories on Canada. Films, projector and operator will be provided on application to any of the Canadian National offices below.

● *Here is the route of the 5 day Triangle Tour. Canadian National also operates a daily north and south bound steamship service connecting Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle.*




● *You stop at Kitwanga long enough to see the many examples of totem pole art found here. Fascinating and grotesque, they record the history and legends of the Indian aristocracy. Today totem pole carving is fast becoming a lost art, for the Indian has adopted the white man's tombstones—carving on them symbols similar to those on the colorful totems of Kitwanga.*

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